



60-2418

60c

SPINE-CHILLING, TRUE STORIES OF THE
WORLD'S MOST HORRIFYING CREATURES

STRANGE MONSTERS AND MADMEN

BY WARREN SMITH



The last of the werewolves:
he thrived on human blood



The slimy sandman of the swamps:
his midnight prowls
turn dreams to nightmares



Zingua, the beautiful Cannibal
queen who toyed with torture



From out of time: the Florida
monster who feasts on fisherman

The Book Exchange
BUY - SELL - TRADE
308 N. Barstow
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.
Ph 834-0039

WHAT IS THE MACABRE MYSTERY OF...

- *Mrs. Belle Gunness:* Her husband died in a "freak" accident. Suitors seemed to disappear as fast as they appeared . . .
- *The Ape Men of Russia:* These are the famed "abominable snowmen." Now the true story of their hideous existence is revealed . . .
- *The World's Most 'Shocking' Killer:* Electricity runs through his fingers. He electrocutes with a touch . . .
- *Pennsylvania's Puzzling Purple Blob:* A huge, quivering mass of jelly who's very much alive . . .
- *And other bizarre beings* who inhabit the world and haunt our history . . .

100% FACT!

STRANGE MONSTERS AND MADMEN

• BY WARREN SMITH

POPULAR LIBRARY • NEW YORK

All POPULAR LIBRARY books are carefully selected by the POPULAR LIBRARY Editorial Board and represent titles by the world's greatest authors.

POPULAR LIBRARY EDITION

Copyright © 1969 by Warren Smith

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

All Rights Reserved

The Ape Men of Russia

"There's a *agarhikishi* up ahead!"

The alarmed cry from a frightened Russian hunter alerted six other members of his hunting party and triggered a prolonged search for Russia's elusive abominable snowman. The hunting party was packing into the wilderness of a remote Caracus mountain on the morning of May 11, 1962. The creature was sighted along a seldom-traveled trail winding around the timberline of an isolated mountain peak.

The seven hunters stared in awed silence as the hairy animal peered down the ridge at them. "I was stunned for a moment," Alexander Gnadin, the hunter from Moscow, reported. "Then I remembered to get a good description of the thing. It walked upright, like a man, and the feet were unusually large. It appeared human, yet the body was covered in black-reddish hair—like an ape. The head was similar to the drawings I'd seen of prehistoric man."

One of the hunters raised his rifle and zeroed in on the creature.

"Don't shoot," Gnadin shouted. "Let's capture the thing alive."

"Are you crazy?" his companion roared. "That beast weighs at least five hundred pounds."

While the hunters argued, the snowman suddenly raced

up the mountain slope and hid behind a pile of jutting rocks. Moments later, the furry snowman dashed from his cover, and disappeared over the top of the mountain.

The hunters forgot their caution and raced in pursuit. Once, twice, a dozen times, rifle shots echoed in the chilly atmosphere. "Stalin's ghost!" swore a hunter. "That thing runs faster than a horse!"

For two days the weary hunters tracked the abominable snowman through the wilderness. At last, they closed in on the creature when their prey disappeared into a large mountain cave.

"Who wants to go in after him?" Gnadin inquired.

"You're out of your mind," his companions replied. "You had better learn to pray if you go in there. That thing is stronger than a bear."

Reluctantly, the hunters left the strange monster in his lair and returned to civilization. They reported the incident to the authorities and were severely reprimanded for allowing the snowman to escape. Each hunter was interrogated on every aspect of the sighting.

The incident in the Caracus mountains is just one of numerous eyewitness accounts of abominable snowmen found behind the iron curtain. It is evident that these elusive creatures are not bothered by political, social or national boundaries.

"In the United States they are called 'Big Foot' by the people in northern California and Oregon," a naturalist related. "In British Columbia, the farmers, trappers and Indians tell about seeing the 'sasquash.' The 'yeti' is well known in the Himalayan mountains of Asia and several highly publicized expeditions have searched for the species." In the U.S.S.R., the snowmen are called *agachikishi*, *kaptar*, *mesheadam* or *alimasti* by the sighters.

Regardless of the country, each sighter describes the species' appearance almost identically. "They are frightening to behold," every sighter adds.

Dr. Jeanne-Marie-Therese Koffman, a noted Russian

physician, delivered a report on abominable snowmen to the 1967 meeting of the Russian Geographical Society. Nicknamed "the abominable Koffman" by her colleagues, the scientist told of her five-year hunt for the "half man, half ape" creature in Russia's wildernesses. She told of 219 people who had seen the snowman during nine expeditions into isolated areas.

Another Russian, Professor Boris Porshchev, has analyzed more than two thousand sightings in Russia. "A certain species of Neanderthal man could have survived in isolated regions of the earth," he theorized. The professor indicated such sub-humans would live in a hidden Stone Age society, somewhere in the millions of square miles of the earth which are unmapped, unexplored and unseen by modern man.

"Capture of such a species would be a link between our present and the unknown past," a Russian authority declared. A relatively secret U.S.S.R. government group has sought to capture the beast. "Some day, our efforts will be successful," they announced recently. Many zoologists, biologists and naturalists are no longer skeptical about reports concerning abominable snowmen.

"We may yet have such a living prehistoric creature on display in Moscow in the near future," one Russian zoologist reported.

The Slime Monster of Kuala Lumpar



The first sighting of Malaysia's strange "Slime Monster" occurred in the tiny village of Kuala Lumpar. Students in the village school were struggling with their lessons on the afternoon of November 4, 1966. Suddenly, a young girl leaped from her desk, screamed with fright and pointed a trembling finger toward a darkened corner.

The teacher and seventeen students turned toward the corner. "What we saw defied description," a frightened student told newsmen. "It was a huge thing, with four legs and a greenish face covered with dozens of small tentacles dangling down from the jaws and chin. It was covered with horrible slime and screamed and threshed about like a mad thing."

The stunned students were at first shocked into immobility. "It moved in and out of our vision as if you turned a mirror," another student declared. "The thing would be there for an instant, then vanish and reappear again."

The school was quickly abandoned by the screaming students and their trembling teacher. Authorities closed the building. An apprehensive group of village elders were selected to stay in the schoolroom that day and night to watch for a reappearance of the beast. "We heard groans, wild screams and awful threshing sounds through-

out the night," one shaken parent reported. "Thankfully, the beast did not appear in person."

A witch doctor was brought to the village to exorcise the school. He entered the building alone, carrying a black bag crammed with juju charms. After two nights of incantations, ancient spells and strange sacrifices, the witch doctor announced the monster had left the school.

"The restless one is gone. He will never return," the wrinkled old witch doctor announced. "He did not mean to harm anyone. He comes from another world and was trapped in the web of time."

The witch doctor claimed there are other worlds, other dimensions, peopled by creatures unfamiliar to our eyes. A warp in the band of time and space had trapped the 'Slime Monster' between the two universes.

Is such a theory merely the ignorant babbling of a canny witch doctor? Perhaps. Nevertheless, such a hypothesis would explain some of the weird monstrosities which appear in our world with increasing frequency.

Monster In A Tennessee Cave

Frightening, hairy monsters have often been seen in the vicinity of reported flying saucer landings. Some UFO researchers believe there is a link between the flying saucer mystery and the numerous reports of abominable snowmen.

James C. Wyatt, of Memphis, Tennessee, gave writer Brad Steiger permission last year to publish a strange account from his grandfather's journal. The journal allegedly told of an interaction between these hairy monsters, an Indian tribe and flying saucers in Tennessee, around 1888.

Wyatt's grandfather was wintering with an Indian tribe in the "Big Woods" country along the Humbolt county line in Tennessee. Like many of his pioneer contemporaries, Grandfather Wyatt was knowledgeable about Indian laws, could talk several Indian dialects and was adept in sign language.

One afternoon Mr. Wyatt noticed an Indian brave carrying a huge supply of meat out of the village. The Indian was reluctant to answer Wyatt's questions about his strange errand.

"Come with me to the caves," the Indian finally said.

The Indian led Wyatt to a shallow hole in a cliff. A beast with long, shining dark hair dwelled there. "The

entire body was covered with hair except for the palms and an area around the eyes," Wyatt reported. "The creature was man-like, and did not seem wild or unruly. It dropped cross-legged to the earth and devoured the raw meat."

Except for a lack of neck and the long body hair, Wyatt reported that the creature was built like a powerful, well-developed man. Wyatt's description should be quite accurate because he visited the beast in the cave on numerous occasions. The creature was called "Crazy Bear" by the Indian tribe.

Mr. Wyatt was naturally curious about the origin of "Crazy Bear" and finally persuaded the Indians to divulge their secrets. He was informed that the beast had been brought to the forest "from the stars." A small disk had dropped from the skies and landed near the Indian camp. Three "Crazy Bears" had been forced out of the "moon" before the craft soared into the skies.

"Over the years there have been many 'Crazy Bears' left in these woods," the Indians claimed. "Many of our people have seen the 'skymen' put their 'Crazy Bears' out of their 'moons'."

The "skymen" were described as being short-haired, clad in shiny clothing and they had supposedly waved to the curious Indians on several occasions. However, there had been no communication between the tribe and their alleged visitors. Wyatt's journal indicated "Crazy Bears" were considered good luck to the Indians and the tribe carefully cared for the creatures.

James Wyatt speculated in a letter: "... Who is to say the 'Crazy Bears' were not exiled to our planet for some crime ... on another planet? It is also not inconceivable that the hairy ones might be the *food animals* of another world, planted on earth to produce herds ..."

Euphenics, a new field of biochemical research, is on the verge of producing genetic mutants in our labora-

tories. These programs of artificial breeding may permit the cross-breeding of species through nuclear transplantation. Perhaps, as Steiger and Wyatt have speculated, such programs have already been conceived on other planets.

The Headless Phantom of Saigon



Every November at a small military airport near Saigon, South Viet Nam, the American troops are harassed by a mysterious ghost. The "Phantom Frenchman" sets off flares in the night skies from an unknown source, fouls up the airport radar and generally makes an absolute nuisance of himself.

The Ton Son Nhut airport is the home of a squadron of Phantom and Super Sabre American jet fighter planes. New runways have been poured through the jungle clearings and the old guard towers which were abandoned by the defeated French forces have all been removed—save one.

The Vietnamese adamantly refuse to have one guard tower demolished. "That is where the 'Phantom Frenchman' hunts for his head," they say with typically Asian inscrutability.

When the airport's military police become ill-tempered because of the weird antics on the base, the Vietnamese guards tell them about the Frenchman's strange fate. "He was a captain on duty in the old tower when the Viet Cong overran the airport on the last day of the French resistance," the guards declare. "He was a valiant fighter and killed eleven of the Communists. When he

was captured, they dressed him in their black pajamas and beheaded the poor captain."

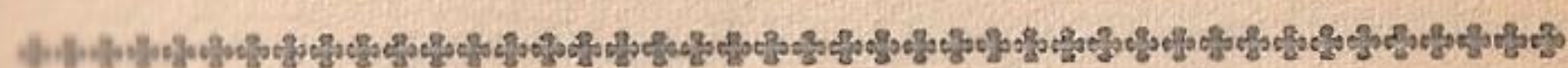
In Asia, beheading is the ultimate indignity. "A headless spirit can never rest in the world of death," the guards explain. "The Viet Cong threw his body into a jungle ditch. His head was buried in a secret place near the old tower. Since then, the phantom has wandered through the airport searching for his head."

Air Policeman Sgt. James Hinton of Lexington, Kentucky, was alerted by the phantom's mysterious flares. During one episode, a captain shouted that a figure in black pajamas dropped into a trench. "The ditch was empty when we got there," Hinton reported.

There have been many reports of the phantom's activities from both Vietnamese and American soldiers since October, 1965. "He looks for his head during the autumn," the Vietnamese declare. "He will never rest until his body and head are reunited."

Some skeptical Americans pose the question of how a headless phantom can search for his head. Air Policeman Sgt. Robert Burns of Verona, New York, replied with a wry comment: "They say he was a radar officer."

The Last of the Werewolves



One of the most isolated regions in western Europe is a rugged mountain area in southern France known as Le Gevaudan. Two hundred years ago, this harsh, picturesque country was inhabited by laconic peasants who grazed their livestock along the slopes of the steep plateaus. It has been a time-honored tradition for the children of the mountains to work as family shepherds.

Near dusk, on the evening of January 15, 1765, 14-year-old Jean Chateauneuf braved a howling mountain wind to shepherd a flock of sheep closer to the home of his aged father.

As a lamb wandered from the flock, Jean shouted: "Catch that one, boy!" The family sheep dog darted across the snow-patched slope and quickly guided a young ewe back into the flock.

"You're a good shepherd," Jean said, patting the collie.

Suddenly, the swirling mountain winds shifted. The new breeze carried a strange, unclean odor. The sheep bawled nervously. The dog whimpered and tucked his tail between his legs. The animals sniffed again, then scurried down the slope as if they had smelled the sulphurous stench of the Devil.

Alone in the dim twilight, Jean Chateauneuf bolstered his quickly diminishing courage and peered intently into

the deepening darkness. The startled youth glimpsed an immense black shape as it moved ominously towards him out of the night.

"Mother of God!" The youth crossed himself.

Jean Chateaufeuf was paralyzed by the sight of the heinous beast that was covered with black, bristly hair. Dark, primitive eyes glared at him with beady intensity and glistening fangs were bared beneath a low, swine-like brow.

The young French boy knew the whispered stories about the dreaded "Beast of Le Gevaudan." Only weeks before a child had been brutally butchered by a wolf-like creature. The youth wheeled and raced desperately toward the safety of the valley. Once, twice, he slipped on the icy slope and scrambled to his feet only scant seconds ahead of the hairy monster. Without warning, he was gripped by strong arms. His nostrils were assailed by the fetid stench of the beast.

"Help. Papa. Help!" screamed the boy.

The mournful whine of the mountain wind cloaked the gnawing sounds of the feasting creature.

When the frantic sheep returned without their young shepherd, a worried Pierre Chateaufeuf lit a torch and searched the mountains. He found his mutilated son where the beast had left the corpse. The boy's heart had been ripped from his chest and the creature had feasted on the organ. Deep, claw-like slashes along the body indicated the monster had sucked out every drop of blood.

Pierre Chateaufeuf carried little Jean's body homeward. He was preparing the corpse for a proper funeral when a sudden chill passed over him. The elderly peasant glanced toward the window of his hut.

"The hair on my body stiffened," Pierre Chateaufeuf related later. "The thing was looking through the window. It was a face from hell! A thing shaped by the Devil!"

The startled father grabbed a musket and aimed at the

grisly image in the window, but the monster ran out of the yard and disappeared into a dark grove of trees. Although the mourning father ached for revenge, he did not pursue the macabre monster into the darkness.

Jean Chateaufeuf was not the first victim of the "Beast of Le Gevaudan;" he was certainly not the last. The monster's first victim was a young girl who was murdered near the village of St. Etienne de Lugdres, on the morning of July 8, 1764. The beast ripped the heart from the girl's body and devoured it. It sucked the warm blood from the corpse. Five more children were killed in the week following the first murder.

After the brutal butchering of Jean Chateaufeuf, the beast grew bolder. It prowled the isolated mountain roads in search of fresh prey. Jean-Pierre Pourcher, a peasant from the village of Zulianges, spotted the hairy monster when it emerged from a roadside ditch. Pourcher fired his ancient hunting musket and missed. The beast disappeared before the frightened peasant could reload.

"I was not going to go into those woods," Pourcher informed his neighbors. He said the beast was "about the size of a large donkey." Pourcher and others reported the beast could run on four legs or upright, loping like a man.

On January 20, 1765, several happy children played a noisy game of "hide and seek" at the edge of the village of Chamaleilles. Jean Panafieux, a smiling, pudgy youth ran into a thicket to hide. The child was seized by the waiting beast. The death cries of the child brought Andre Portefaix, a hardy young villager, who attacked the monster with a pitch fork.

Portefaix struck the beast. It roared with an unearthly howl and the noise of the battle brought other villagers with clubs and stones. The beast was driven into the hills.

"If we don't kill this monster it will take over our land," announced Andre Portefaix. "I'm going to the King's winter palace in Versailles. His Majesty will pro-

vide soldiers to hunt the creature." The elders of the village approved the plan and Portefaix departed immediately.

Two weeks later, a company of French dragoon soldiers and a detachment of light cavalry arrived in the Le Gevaudan district with orders from the King to find and destroy the beast. The troops, commanded by Captain Jacques Duhamel, were quartered in the village, and on February 6, tracked the beast to a bushy lair on a lonely plateau. Thick fog swirled along the mountainside as several nervous soldiers approached the thicket.

"Fire at will when you see the monster," a corporal announced. Half human, half animal howls roared out of the brush.

The soldiers tensed. They held their positions for several minutes.

"What is it?" one inquired.

"The villagers say it is *le loup-garou*," announced the corporal. "The werewolf."

As the fog lifted the howls rumbled into an ominous silence. The soldiers tightened their trigger fingers as a black shape leaped from the thicket, running like a human or a bear.

The muskets drove the monster back into the thicket.

"It's wounded. It'll die in there," said the corporal.

"Let's inform the captain that the beast has been killed."

Captain Duhamel informed the villagers that the beast was dead and, within the hour, his soldiers departed for Versailles. The troops had barely disappeared over the first mountain pass before the beast murdered another child. Despite many pleas for help, the beast had been declared officially dead. King Louis XV was enamored with his new mistress, Mme. du Barry. There was no further aid from the King.

The murderous rampage continued during the remaining months of 1765, and on into 1766 and 1767. That long period came to be known in those mountains as

"the time of death." The parish records in each district contain long lists of the victims.

Shepherds were too frightened to tend their flocks. Housewives refused to leave their homes. Children were locked indoors.

Many peasants moved away from the mountains. They abandoned farms, homes and furniture and hurried to the safety of neighboring cities. Those who remained in the villages watched the creature stalk boldly through the deserted streets. The grisly monster peered into windows and attacked anyone in the streets. By June, 1767, the beast had prowled for three years. It had feasted on the hearts of hundreds of children and sucked the blood from their tiny bodies.

Finally, a nobleman with extensive property on the western edge of the mountains summoned several hundred peasants to his estate. "We're going to kill the beast," announced Marquis d'Apcher. "Every man must vow not to return until the monster has been buried."

In mid-June, a posse of 560 peasants formed a circle around the area where the monster usually prowled, and screamed, shouted and pounded on pans to drive on the beast. The circle tightened and on the evening of June 17, 1767, the beast was trapped in a grove of trees near the village of Le Sorge d'Auvert. Huge bonfires were lit as the hunters prepared to wait until morning before they moved against the dreaded monster.

An elderly hunter, Jean Chastel, was a superstitious peasant who believed the rumors about *le loup-garou*. Before leaving the hunt, Chastel loaded his double-barreled musket with silver bullets. According to ancient beliefs, a silver bullet in the heart is the only sure weapon against a werewolf.

"I had retired a short distance from my companions because I wanted to read my prayer book," Chastel declared. "I glanced up and saw the beast advancing toward me through the dusk. I closed my prayer book, fired the

first barrel and the bullet struck the monster in the chest. It howled and ran toward me. I aimed directly for the heart and fired the other barrel. *Le loup-garou* dropped at my feet. The silver bullet had pierced the heart and my companions will verify this."

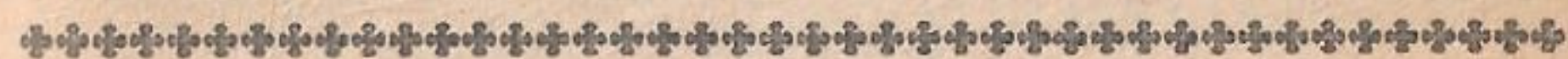
What Jean Chastel killed has been a raging controversy since that evening. In the first reports, Jean Chastel said the "creature had a strange appearance. It had peculiar, hoof-like feet, pointed ears and the body was covered with dark, tough hair." Other members of the hunting party said the beast was a half wolf and half human. "It was *le loup-garou*," they whispered.

As proof of the beast's death, the carcass of a wolf was exhibited through the villages. However, it is doubtful that the "beast of Le Gevaudan" was a common mountain wolf. A wolf has never been known to rip out the heart or suck blood from their victim's bodies.

Abbé Pourcher of St. Martin-de-Bourchaux parish, compiled a complete volume of municipal, clerical and eye-witness accounts on each of the numerous murders committed by the monster. Even the Abbé was mystified in his attempts to identify the beast and reported "there were rumors that the wolf carcass had been paraded through the streets because the real beast was too grisly, too terrible, to display." Tourists at the parsonage today can see the double-barreled musket bearing Jean Chastel's name with an engraved plate stating the silver bullet that downed the beast was fired from that gun.

After an interval of two centuries, it is doubtful if the exact identity of the beast will ever be known. Was the strange monster a werewolf? Or some terrible sorcerer who allegedly could transform itself into a wolf whenever it wished? Whatever it may have been, the cemeteries and burial records of the region attest to the deaths of hundreds of Gevaudanois children who fell victim to the crazed, lusting monster.

The Night Monsters of Venezuela



There was a sudden movement in the bushes as Emelino Martinez walked back from his hunting trip in the hills of Venezuela, on the night of April 10, 1954. Martinez stopped motionless, shotgun ready, when the threshing noise sounded again in the bush. He waited momentarily and then resumed his walk down the mountain path toward his parked automobile.

Sickening fear froze his blood when he heard a guttural noise, as if some *thing* was calling. Cold bumps of fright moved in a chilling blanket across his body. His pounding heart leaped against his throat.

"I knew then I was the hunted and not the hunter," Martinez reported later.

He had parked his automobile in a small clearing along a dirt road on the mountain a few miles outside of Caracas, Venezuela. He dropped his day's catch of small game and ran for his car.

An unintelligible shout behind him indicated the thing was in close pursuit. Stumbling, falling, scrambling, Martinez fled down the trail. He stopped for an instant to glance back toward his pursuer.

"I almost dropped dead," he related. "Two *things* were running after me. The moon was out and I saw them very distinctly. They were short, about the size of a twelve-

year-old boy, and they looked like half men, half monkeys. They were covered with dark hair. One quick look and I picked up some extra speed in my flight."

Martinez reached his car, then fumbled in his pockets for the keys. The pounding footsteps of his pursuers racing down the trail caused the nervous hunter to drop the keys. "I picked them up and started to open the car door," he explained. "My mind was spinning with terror. I knew those things meant to harm me. Just as I opened the door, I was grabbed from behind. We fell together into a ditch beside the road."

Martinez dropped his shotgun as two powerful arms closed over his throat. "I broke the beast's grip and scrambled toward the car. It was on top of me, screaming, growling and biting like a mad animal," Martinez recalled, beads of perspiration appearing on his forehead.

"I tried to grab my shotgun and couldn't reach it," he said.

His hands grasped a large rock and he repeatedly smashed his attacker on the head. Screams of pain slashed through the dark night. Martinez saw his attacker move backward, blood spurting from his head wounds. The frantic young hunter dashed to his car.

"I snapped the door lock as the two of them now lunged against the car, pounding their hairy fists against the windows in frustrated rage," he explained. "I started the car and probably set a speed record coming down that mountain. I drove directly to the police station. They laughed and advised me to go home and stay out of taverns."

Emelino Martinez, then 27 years old, was a construction worker. "I got some of my friends and we drove back up on the mountain the next morning," he said. "My new shotgun was still there where I dumped it. I tell you, señor, we were really armed. The car was filled with weapons."

After they recovered the shotgun, Martinez and his

friends collected several blood-stained leaves. They questioned the peasants who lived on the mountain. "They knew about the beasts," Martinez reported. "These farmers told about ships from the skies—flying saucers. Cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs and two young farmhands had disappeared on the mountain."

The peasants claimed the beasts were black, bristly-haired dwarves who hid in caves and kidnapped both livestock and humans. "They advised us not to hunt for the beasts," Martinez said. "We agreed."

The blood-stained leaves were later analyzed at a laboratory, along with similar stains on the young man's shirt. "We have never been able to determine the species," Juan Valzez, a technician wrote recently. "The blood is definitely not human. It doesn't match any known animals. We are still very puzzled."

Although the frightening experience occurred fifteen years ago, it is still a vivid part of Emelino Martinez's memory. "I still have nightmares," he said. "I wake up screaming sometimes with a picture of those things in my mind. I hope to never see them again."

Pennsylvania's Puzzling Purple Glob



The night of September 26, 1950 started out as a routine patrol for officers John Collins and Joe Keenen of the Philadelphia Police Department. Then, they were cruising near 26th Street and Vare Boulevard when they spotted a six-foot circular object drifting slowly toward the earth. Their headlights were reflected off the shimmering purple object as it bounced to a gentle stop in a nearby field.

The officers parked their cruiser and investigated the thing. Their powerful police flashlights focused on a gelatinous mass, a foot thick in the center and tapering to an inch at the edges.

"That thing is quivering as if it is alive," Patrolman Collins whispered.

"Let's radio for a couple more officers for witnesses," Keenen said, watching the mass with wide-eyed awe.

Their radio report brought Sergeant Joe Cook and Patrolman James Cooper to the scene. "Try to pick some of it up," Sergeant Cook suggested. Officer Collins carefully grabbed a handful of the quivering mass.

"The stuff disappeared in my hands," he said. "It was like a kind of gelatin and a sticky, odorless scum remained on my hands."

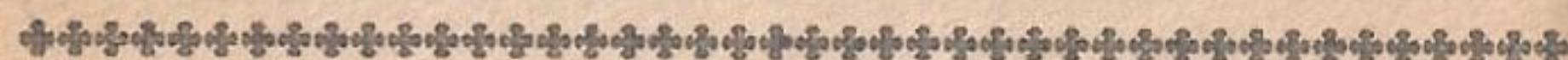
The quivering mass gradually evaporated and van-

ished completely within two hours. The policemen held a news conference on the following day to answer questions about the unusual object.

"Whatever it was, we believe it was alive," they declared.

To date, there has never been an explanation for the origin of the purple glob.

Snake Stones of Singapore

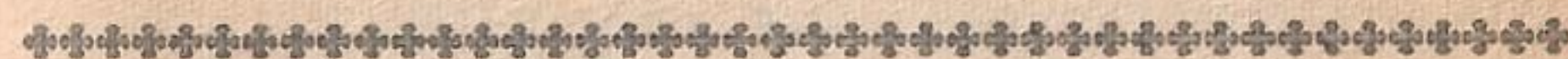


"Snake stones" are a popular part of a witch doctor's paraphernalia in Asia today. "These stones contain living snakes," juju pitchmen inform their customers. These witch doctors can lay a stone on a table and it will skitter across the surface like an angry snake seeking prey.

"Snake stones are considered to be very powerful medicine," a Hong Kong physician reported. "Most witch doctors will charge what the traffic will bear, although most stones are sold for around \$17." The stones are imported from remote areas of India and Malaysia.

Popularity of the stones is due to an Oriental belief in the healing power of the snake. Dried snake skin, pulverized into a fine powder, is prescribed for a wide variety of maladies and ailments. Some customers buy the stones for their medicinal benefits. Others purchase the rocks as "bad luck" for their enemies.

The Matrimonial Monster



Mrs. Belle Gunness was the last woman who might be suspected of luring a love-struck Romeo to his death. A short, 280-pound widow with a hawk nose and several sets of double chins, Mrs. Gunness was considered ugly enough to stop the town clock in her hometown of La-Porte, Indiana.

After her husband died "when a meat cleaver fell on the poor man's head," Belle Gunness purchased a small acreage at the city limits and started to raise hogs. Each morning, at nine, she could be seen waddling down the main street toward the post office clad in a filthy pair of bloodstained overalls. "We're killing pigs again out at my place," she croaked. "Always work left for a poor widow woman with three children to care for in this veil of sorrow."

Then, fire destroyed the widow's home on the night of April 28, 1908, and firemen discovered the bodies of the three children and a headless woman in the embers. The county coroner performed an autopsy and declared: "This couldn't have been Belle Gunness because this woman never weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds."

"Well, then, who is she?" Sheriff B. F. Smutzer inquired.

"Ask Ray Lamphere, the widow's hired man," the coroner replied. "Some folks claim they was mighty thick."

The hired man was found in a local tavern. First, he claimed he did not know the widow. Next, he said he had been visiting in Terre Haute on the night of the murder and fire. Finally, he swore he was at a tavern in LaPorte that evening.

Although the coroner claimed the body was not Belle Gunness, Ray Lamphere was charged with her murder. The hired man was held in the local jail where he bitterly proclaimed his innocence, to anyone within shouting distance.

The local authorities were about to close their files on the bizarre murder case when Asle Helgelian stepped off the train and approached the sheriff. "I'm looking for my brother, Andrew," he told the lawman. "He's the one who came to LaPorte to marry the widow woman."

"We haven't had a wedding in several weeks," Sheriff Smutzer told the visitor from South Dakota.

"I thought there might be something mighty funny going on," Helgelian explained. "My brother answered a matrimonial ad in a newspaper. He started writing to a Mrs. Belle Gunness. She offered true love and marriage and mentioned she would need \$1,000 to pay off the mortgage on her pig farm. My brother came down here a few weeks ago to get married. I ain't heard from him since then. He promised to write me and he never breaks a promise."

Helgelian fumbled in his suitcase and brought forth a letter. Sheriff Smutzer read: "My heart beats in wild rapture for you, my darling. Bring your money to pay the mortgage and we will marry and have wedded bliss. Be prepared to stay forever, my dear . . ."

"A mighty strong letter," Sheriff Smutzer remarked, sniffing the perfumed paper.

Helgelian agreed, curtly. "Sheriff, I suspect my brother

was murdered. I would like to look around the widow's place."

Sheriff Smutzer informed his visitor of the previous events. They gathered a crew of men and sifted the ashes in the widow's burned home. Within an hour, they uncovered eight men's watches, a sizable bag of human bones and a handful of human teeth.

Asle Helgelian walked around the acreage, intuitively searching for "some place where you would hide a few bodies." He stared at Belle's pig-pen for several minutes. It was located away from the house, surrounded by a six-foot fence of heavy wire.

"Look in that hog-pen," Helgelian suggested to the sheriff. "No one needs a six foot fence to hold a normal pen of pigs."

The search party quickly discovered a hidden trap door that led to a bloody pit beneath the pig-pen. Seven bodies were discovered in the dark hole. Each was dissected into small pieces and wrapped in oil cloth. The county coroner was brought again to the farm and inspected the remains. After several days, the coroner called a news conference and announced the results of his grisly task.

"As near as I can put them together, I believe we have the bodies of fourteen murdered men," he said.

Newspapers headlined the mass murders and relatives of missing men came to the tiny Indiana community to claim the remains. The weeping relatives always told the same story. "These were lonely men who answered Belle's advertisements in the newspapers," Sheriff Smutzer later told newsmen. "We believe she made around \$30,000 by murdering fourteen men."

An autopsy revealed the chubby widow with the passion-tipped pen welcomed each suitor with an elaborate dinner. Afterward, she served coffee laced with strong poison. Belle waited until her visitor became dizzy from

the poison and smashed their skulls with a ball peen hammer. She then dragged the bodies to the hidden pit and dissected them at her leisure.

The mystery of the woman's body in the fire was still unsolved. Sheriff Smutzer interrogated the hired man, Ray Lamphere, again. Lamphere professed his innocence.

"I got tuberculosis," Lamphere confessed finally. "So, it doesn't matter what happens to me. Belle sent to Chicago and hired a young girl as a maid. She poisoned her own kids and killed the maid. Then Belle set fire to the house and took off. We were supposed to get in touch after everything died down."

Lamphere was cleared of the murder charge, possibly because there were not twelve people in the entire county who believed Belle Gunness was dead. He was charged with setting fire to the house and received a sentence of two to twenty years in prison. He died shortly after his trial. No one knows what happened to murderous Belle Gunness—America's matrimonial monster.

Monument To A Monster



A monument to California's legendary "Oh-Mahs," the mysterious beasts of the forest, was carved in the summer of 1967, by Walter James McClarin, a twenty-one-year-old zoology student at Humboldt State College. The fourteen-foot redwood statue stands at the intersection of state highways 96 and 299 near Willow Creek, California, in the heart of the Six Rivers National Forest.

"I carved the statue because I believe a race of wild, man-like creatures lives in the wilderness of northern California," McClarin explained to newsmen.

The theory of an American version of the abominable snowmen of the Tibetan mountains is based on footprints and eyewitness accounts by people who glimpsed "something" deep in the forest.

McClarin approached Willow Creek businessman Jim Wayatt and explained his interest in the legend of the 'Big Foot.' "He asked that we provide him with a large redwood stump," Wayatt said. "He whittled away at it all summer. The statue of Big Foot, the popular name for the monster, will do a lot for our town."

James McClarin has spent the past four years investigating the mysterious creatures. "There have been more than forty reports since 1960," he explained. "I have met many reliable people who reported seeing the phantom-

like figure of the Oh-Mah in the forest. They're the type of people who wouldn't lie or perpetrate a hoax."

An adult creature would average seven to eight feet in height and weigh 600 to 800 pounds. "They're heavier and wilder than man but are humanoids of the same species as man," McClarin stated. "They have ape-like faces, slightly pointed heads and their arms are said to hang down to their knees. They walk erect and their feet, as constructed from casts and prints, indicate a larger and wider type than those of a man."

McClarin told of an Orleans, California, resident who worked in the forest some years ago and slept in his car. "He told of being awakened by what seemed like an earthquake. He saw a large hairy midriff of something standing erect and shaking his automobile. The man yelled to frighten the beast away but it remained there, making a gurgling sound.

"Then it dashed into the forest on its hind legs. It looked similar to a bear from the rear. However, I knew it wasn't. Bears don't run in an erect position."

The Hungry Monster in Lake Vorota

In 1964, the residents around Siberia's Lake Vorota were terrorized by a frightening water monster. The long, round monster roared with a horrible cry and attacked those who ventured close to the lake. "The thing devoured several dogs who were attracted by the screams," a Russian police official reported. "We saw a reindeer gulped down in a single giant bite when it tried to drink from the lake."

Several Russian scuba diving teams searched the lake to kill the monster but were not able to rouse the beast. "I saw something dark and horrible at one edge of the lake," a shaken diver reported. "One look at the size of the monster and I surfaced as quickly as possible." Few people venture out on the lake today. They declare the ominous creature still lurks under the lake's dark waters.

The Fanatical Ghost Dancers



Night shrouded the prairie as the low throb of a sacred drum thundered through the darkness of the Indian encampment. "It is time," announced a tribal medicine man. He rattled his sacred gourds to emphasize the importance of the event. Pale moonbeams glistened on the tall grass as hundreds of Indians hurried toward a large clearing by a river. A roaring bonfire cast red phantoms over the eerie scene as chanting, painted dancers clasped hands and formed a tight circle.

The drum echoed a dull tattoo with the medicine man's wailing chant. "The buffalo is gone! We must eat snakes, lizards and rats! O Great Spirit! Drop the white man into the pit of darkness. Return the game to our plains. Fill the empty bellies of our children!"

The tempo of the drum was intensified as hundreds of feet thumped against the chilled earth. Screaming squaws whirled madly; they moaned for past glories. Twisting braves, gaunt and thin from weeks of fasting, knelt and rubbed dirt and ashes on their heads. Relentlessly, hour after hour, faster and faster, the Indians furiously danced to invoke the Great Spirit to end their desperate dilemma. Chanting rose to wild shrieks as exhausted dancers dropped into trance-like states and shouted strange incantations in unknown tongues.

The incredible Ghost Dance swept the Indian nations as a final, bizarre resistance against the onslaught of white civilization. It was a spiritual movement which hoped to return the golden days of glory, strength and greatness to the Indian nations.

With the speed of the prairie winds, the ritual of the Ghost Dance gripped every Indian tribe west of the Mississippi River. It was an emotional orgy, the redman's dying grasp for independence. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of dancers whirled until they were exhausted by the frenzied, furious ritual. Many ceremonies lasted for several days or until most of the dancers dropped from sheer exhaustion. The pounding feet of hysterical braves trampled scores of their fallen comrades.

The devastating Indian Wars were over in 1889, when the shrieks of the fanatical Ghost Dancers alarmed Indian Agents. From the time of the Conquistadors until 1885, more than 750,000 Indians were killed in battle, worked to death in slavery or killed by the numerous diseases brought into the New World by the white settlers. Sharp-shooting hunters covered the plains with the bleached bones of millions of slaughtered buffalo. Pushed onto reservations, the Indians were starved, cheated and ruthlessly deceived by incompetent and corrupt Indian Agents.

In December, 1888, a Paiute Indian named Wovoka became ill with pneumonia and tossed feverishly in his bare bed in a wickiup near Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Wovoka babbled hysterically on New Year's Day, 1889, when a total eclipse blacked out the western United States. He claimed to have "traveled to the land of the dead" during the eclipse and to have received messages from the Great Spirit.

The awed Paiute Indians listened in wonder. "The Great Spirit has told how we can restore the great herds of buffalo, bring back the deer and banish the white man from our lands," Wovoka said.

Swept up by the thought that their day would dawn again, Indian chiefs and medicine men from many tribes assembled to speak with their new prophet.

"I have journeyed to the spirit land," explained Wovoka. "Those who have gone before hunt game, and dance in paradise. They are very happy."

A Shoshone chief stirred. "How do we get rid of the palefaces?"

"We harm no one and do good," Wovoka stated. "We do not argue with our brothers. We stop our lies and punish those who steal. We always do what is right. We live in peace with the whites."

A Sioux medicine man spat. "This will not kill them!"

"The Great Spirit says we must sing, pray and dance. When we are pure, then he will bring youth to the old men, turn the dead into living men again and drive the white ones across the seas . . ."

The Indian leaders seethed with excitement. This was clearly a message to stoke the dying embers of their tribes into victory over the whites.

"Will the whites come back?" a Cheyenne inquired.

"The Great Spirit will make the seas like stone walls," answered Wovoka. "He will rob their gunpowder of its strength and protect his chosen ones from bullets."

In the winter of 1890, the Sioux nation, led by crafty Sitting Bull, was ripe for revolt. The Standing Rock Agency bubbled with discontent as Sioux Ghost Dancers beseeched the spirit world for divine intervention. Sioux squaws designed elaborate shirts, for the Ghost Dance painted with eerie symbols, which were blessed by medicine men to stop white bullets.

Late one night Sitting Bull inflamed the Ghost Dancers when he walked to the center of a chanting group and solemnly broke the peace pipe. It was a symbol of his surrender in 1881. "I will fight and die to exterminate the white man," the old sachem promised. "You must be willing to die for our new religion."

On the morning of December 14, 1890, forty blue-coated reservation policemen led by Captain Bull Head surrounded the cabin occupied by Sitting Bull. The old warrior consented to accompany the policemen but, when he was led outside the cabin, he screamed for his followers.

An Army of 160 Ghost Dancers, wearing their sacred shirts, rushed to rescue their leader. Capt. Bull Head was the first fatality. As he dropped, two policemen shot and killed Sitting Bull. The Ghost Dancers fell back only after the Eighth Cavalry arrived to rescue the reservation police.

A detachment of Seventh Cavalry troops searched Nebraska and South Dakota for a band of 120 Ghost Dancers and their families, who had broken away from the reservation after Sitting Bull's death. They were surrounded on Wounded Knee Creek, near the Pine Ridge Agency, on the icy morning of December 29, 1890, by 470 veteran soldiers. A chanting medicine man sprinted out of a wikiup, clad in his Ghost Dancer's shirt, and frantically harranged the braves. "Our bullets will find their marks and kill the soldiers!" the ashen-faced Indian shouted. "Theirs will never penetrate our sacred ghost shirts!"

The chanting medicine man scooped a handful of dirt from the chilled earth and tossed it into the biting prairie wind. Indian rifles echoed along the creek; troopers returned the fire. It was a face-to-face confrontation, the last roaring fusillade of a conquered race. The battle of Wounded Knee lasted for six hours. Thirty army troopers were killed and thirty-four were wounded by bullets or flashing Sioux knives. The Indians lost 145 men, women and children and 34 were wounded.

After the Wounded Knee battle, the Ghost Dance and the hysterical promise of salvation were forgotten by the disillusioned Indians. On October 4, 1932, Wovoka

died in his isolated cabin on the lonely slopes of a sandy Nevada mountain range. The traditional Ghost Dance was performed by several aged Indians over his grave on the night of his funeral. Although the world had forgotten the Ghost Dance, the wrinkled old men believed this last ritual would aid Wovoka's journey into the spirit world.

The Giant Snake In Reynolds Lake

"You can't believe the size of that snake!" blurted out Ray Mills, after his encounter with a legendary underwater serpent in Reynolds Lake, Oldham county, Kentucky. The fishing enthusiast from Nashville reported he had barely hooked a sizable catfish when the snake surfaced, swallowed the fish and raced away with Mills' best fishing gear.

"It can keep my line and pole," Mills declared. "I wouldn't go out there again for a hundred dollars an hour."

The encounter with the giant snake occurred in the summer of 1968. However, other eyewitnesses have described their frightening meeting with a giant snake in the lake near LaGrange, Kentucky since 1964. Invariably, they claim the gigantic creature is "about two feet around, with the biggest head you ever saw, and large beady eyes."

In 1965, the monstrous snake was alleged to have devoured most of the fish and frogs in the lake. Farmers around the lake claimed the monster was stalking their hogs.

"A lot of people laugh when I tell them about the snake," Mills stated. "Believe me, it isn't anything to laugh about. A monster like that is dangerous."

Last of the Wild Indians



It was a warm August evening in 1911, when workmen at a slaughterhouse in Oraville, California, heard the frightened cries of animals from their employer's corral.

"You'd better check out there," a foreman stated. "There may be a two or four legged wolf bothering the cattle."

Adolph Kessler, a 19-year-old apprentice butcher, promptly walked out into the night and, at first glance, thought he saw a strange animal creeping toward the corral. Kessler approached the shadowy figure slowly and then he jumped the intruder; he wrestled a wild-eyed, starving Indian to the ground. Kessler's shouts brought other butchers running from the slaughterhouse and they captured Ishi, the last of the aboriginal wild Indians in the United States. The capture of this primitive Indian marked the known end of the Stone Age in America.

The trembling Indian was lodged in a second floor cell of the Butte County Jail at Oraville. "His feet are almost as wide as they are long," an awed lawman commented. A crowd gathered to stare at the frightened Indian.

"Ishi was about five feet eight inches tall and was around 50 years old when he was captured," an old-timer in Oraville recalled recently. "He had a reddish-bronze skin that was pretty dark because he had been exposed to

the sun. His straight, black hair was worn over his ears and knotted in the back. He had good strong teeth and a dentist said he was surprised to find no evidence of tooth decay or pyorrhea."

The sheriff of Butte County attempted to communicate with Ishi. Guttural growls were his answers. "Listen, get some Indians in from the other tribes and perhaps we can find out who this fellow is," the sheriff ordered.

"I'll take him over to the slaughterhouse tomorrow. Maybe we can use sign language to find out where he came from."

The civilized Indians were puzzled by the gaunt wild man's language. "It's nothing we've ever heard," one admitted. "Maybe he'll tell us something with sign language."

The day after his capture, the sheriff took Ishi back to the corral. There the prisoner described his journey through the Feather River country. The hands of the redman moved rapidly. "He says he traveled with another Indian man and a squaw," the sign language interpreter related. "The other brave was shot and killed. The squaw died later. Ishi was left alone. He wandered in search of food and ended up here."

Oraville's saloons and parlors buzzed with the news of the mysterious Indian. "He'd make a good tourist attraction," offered one merchant, and he outlined a plan to build a side-show around the "Mystery Indian."

While the town talked, the sheriff was thinking. "We're gonna have to do something," he reasoned. "This fellow hasn't done anything. We can't hold him in jail. We're going to have to turn him loose or press some kind of charges."

Another citizen of Oraville, George Mansfield, was convinced Ishi was an important discovery for science and he filed stories to newspapers in California's largest cities on the mysterious Indian.

These news accounts brought Professor T. T. Water-

man of the University of California into Oraville on the first train. "Take my bags to the hotel," Waterman ordered as he gave a dollar to a railroad station baggage man. The professor headed directly for the jail.

Hour after hour, Professor Waterman huddled in the jail cell and determinedly attempted to establish verbal communications with the gaunt, mysterious Indian. Ishi greeted each dialect with a stony silence.

"Maybe he's one of the lost tribes of Israel, Professor," a deputy sheriff suggested. "Try Hebrew on him."

The perspiring professor spoke in Yiddish. Ishi was silent.

"I'm going to give up," the professor said. Wearily, he picked up his coat. "I've tried every possible dialect and language. Say—wait a minute!—" He tried a word from the Yana dialect, a group of Indians long believed to have been extinct for many years.

Ishi's eyes brightened. He recognized the word and rapidly poured out his sorrows to the professor. Professor Waterman completed his examination of the Indian and then made arrangements to take Ishi to the university's Berkeley campus.

Bill Talbitzer, an Oraville newsman, told of Ishi's experiences in his book *"Lost Beneath the Feather:"*

"While he lived as a savage, Ishi was immune to cold and disease. But when he adapted to the white man's ways he soon became addicted with white man's illnesses."

Ishi developed a hacking cough in December, 1914, and was plagued with bronchial ailments until his death from pneumonia on March 16, 1916. The last surviving member of America's aboriginal tribes was deeply mourned by everyone who met or knew him.

The city of Oraville has erected a monument to Ishi on the exact spot where he was discovered by the startled townsmen.

Massachusetts' Maritime Monster

It was May 12, 1964, and the 80-foot Norwegian fishing ship, the *Blue Sea*, slashed through the swelling waves of the Atlantic Ocean off the Massachusetts coast. The vessel was nearing Nantucket Island when Alf Wilhelsen breathlessly shouted for his brother and partner to hurry on deck.

"Sighted another school of fish?" Bjarne Houghan inquired, hurrying toward his partner.

"There's a sea serpent off the bow," Alf Wilhelsen replied. He pointed toward the sea. Jens Wilhelsen and Bjarne Houghan turned toward the direction where Alf's nervous finger was pointing.

Seconds later, the three Norwegian fishermen revised their opinions on sea monsters. The incredulous sailors stared at a 60-foot sea serpent near their boat, swimming along in an apparently playful mood.

"The creature had an alligator-like head. The tail was shaped like that of a lobster," Alf Wilhelsen recalled. "The body was like a snake, black, barrel-shaped, with spots of white and was smooth, except for several sharp humps on the back."

Once, the apprehensive sailors watched the sea serpent swim close to their ship. "It left a wake as if it were driven

by a propeller," Bjarne Houghan reported. "It blew air out of a hole in the massive head."

After thirty minutes of following the ship, the creature turned away from the *Blue Sea* and swam north. The fishermen debated on whether a report should be filed on their unusual sighting.

They knew that mariners have been reporting sea monsters since the first ship left shore and moved into uncharted oceans. They had personally heard tales of sea serpents and knew the skepticism leveled at those who believed in maritime monsters.

Despite the possibility of ridicule, the three Norwegians pulled into the harbor at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and made a complete report of their sighting to the U. S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. An armada of Coast Guard vessels and fishing ships roared out to sea to locate the monster.

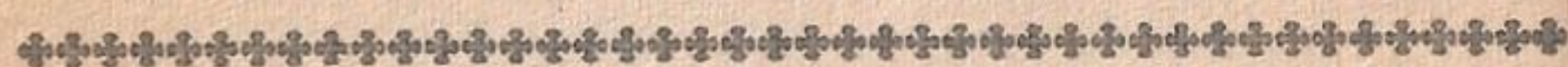
On the third day, Captain Albert Pike of the *Friendship* and his crew spotted the monster a few miles from where the Norwegians had first seen the creature. Captain Pike verified the Norwegian's description of the weird serpent and added, "the beast had barnacles on its body."

The *Friendship* circled the serpent twice. Both the captain and crew obtained a good look at the beast. "It was travelling at about five knots and never went below the surface during the twenty minutes of our observation," reported crewman John Samagi. "The tail was vertical, rather than horizontal, like that of a whale."

The well-documented Nantucket sighting is one of numerous sightings of sea serpents made during the past few years. These well-documented reports indicate many unknown forms of grotesque life may dwell in the depths of the seas. Huge ocean creatures have also been washed ashore in several countries. Scientists admit they are completely baffled in their attempts to identify these gigantic monsters.

The ancient legends of sea monsters ruling the oceans and devouring hapless sailors may be much more than chapters from an imaginative sea lore. One zoologist recently stated that prehistoric animals, such as the dinosaur, may have moved into the sea when life became dangerous on land.

Winged Monster From The Beyond



In July, 1966, the Singapore police department investigated a disturbance at the abandoned Pakistani embassy building in their city. The deserted colonial styled mansion is located near an ancient, forgotten Muslim cemetery. The embassy had been abandoned when diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed.

An elderly night watchman at the embassy complained about moanings, groanings and strange manifestations in the building. "There are loud footsteps behind me when I make my rounds," the turbaned watchman reported. "I have seen a figure of a man in the hallways. He wears a soldier's uniform and there is blood dripping from a wound on his head."

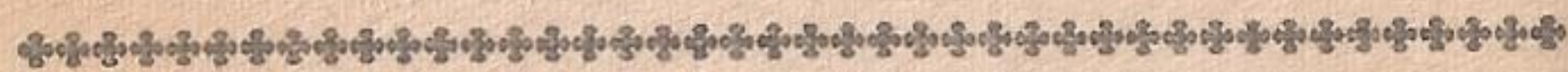
Residents of the homes near the embassy building told of equally mysterious manifestations. "They are the monsters of the nether world," an aging Malaysian told the police. "Many are the spirits of dead Indian soldiers who were killed in the war with Pakistan. They will wander the earth until their deaths are avenged."

In April, 1967, a giant black bird was sighted near the embassy and cemetery. The bird's wing-span was "at least twenty feet," eyewitnesses claimed. The beast was

said to have swooped down on people walking near the area.

The night bird has reappeared repeatedly and, despite a skeptical police department, the people in the area are convinced of the reality of the winged monster.

Enigma of the Headless Corpses



It was a cold, damp night in early 1965, when a storm lashed the seacoast near Beirut, Lebanon. On the beach near the village of Antilias, Policeman Farid Jaber stirred a sputtering fire and trembled. No man should have to stay outdoors on a stormy, moonless night. He glanced at a lumpy blanket nearby. There was the headless body of an unknown man beneath the dark fabric. The grisly corpse had washed ashore during the night and it was Jaber's duty to stand vigil until daybreak.

During the night, the policeman dozed and slept soundly until the yellowish streaks of dawn awoke him. The startled policeman discovered his service revolver was gone; the headless corpse had also disappeared.

Farid Jaber's brain reeled. "I'll lose my job," he mumbled aloud. "I'll be disgraced. They'll call me the man who couldn't guard a dead man."

The panicked policeman glanced along the beach. A solitary man walked along the sand dunes. An evil plan wormed its way into Farid Jaber's dark mind. He ambushed the stranger and then severed the head from the body. He placed the corpse where the previous body had been, erased the evidence of struggle from the sands and buried the grisly head. "Return for it later," his mind shouted.

Minutes later, a group of workmen appeared at the Antilias police station with a strange story. "We were walking to work when we saw a policeman kill a man and chop off his head," one excited citizen told the astonished desk sergeant.

"Yeah, is this what we pay taxes for? To have bums on the police force?" an elderly man inquired.

Farid Jaber was arrested. The police scoured the village for the missing body, the missing head and Jaber's stolen pistol. Near noon, a patrolman's alarmed shouts brought his companions to the fishing shack owned by a suspected murderer and thief, Arafan Arslan. A policeman identified the first corpse by a bloody head which was wrapped in a paper bag nearby. "It's Habid Jaber," he announced.

"Isn't he related to Patrolman Farid Jaber?" an official inquired.

"They're cousins."

Gradually, the Lebanon police reconstructed the incredible mystery. Arafan Arslan had murdered the patrolman's cousin and stolen a bag of money. The body had been tossed in the sea but the tides washed it ashore where it was discovered. Patrolman Farid Jaber fell asleep while he guarded the headless body. Arslan dragged the body back to his shack. Arslan was looking for firewood in order to burn the headless corpse when he was spotted by the panic-stricken patrolman.

It was then that Arslan, the murderer, was killed by Farid Jaber as a substitute for the body of the man he had murdered.

England's Supercharged Homicidal Maniac

The new intern arrived for his first night of duty at a psychiatric hospital in England. The staff physician explained the hospital's operating procedures and then accompanied the intern on a tour of the institution's maximum security ward.

The two men approached a middle-aged patient who sat quietly in a barred room. "This is a classic case of a homicidal maniac," the physician whispered as they approached the patient. "I must caution you about certain tendencies."

"I've had experience with these blokes," the burly intern boasted. "Never turn your back, keep them tranquilized and watch them at all times."

"No. This is our supercharged patient," the doctor explained. "One touch of his hands and—"

Before the doctor could voice his warning, the patient reached out to shake hands with the intern. As the two hands met, there was a crackling sound in the room. Blue sparks sizzled. The shaken intern was knocked to the floor. When the astonished man recovered his senses, he likened the shock to "shoving your finger into an electrical outlet."

James McA—, psychiatric pseudonym for one of England's most unusual patients, has been the subject of sev-

eral reports at medical meetings. No one knows why, or how, his body stores up a shocking charge of electricity. One psychiatrist placed a 250-watt bulb in the patient's hand. He was awed when the bulb burned brightly.

Brain wave tests had indicated James McA's difference from normal people. However, authorities admitted these tests did not explain his incredible ability to store up electricity.

"It is one of the most puzzling mysteries I've ever encountered," one psychiatrist reported.

Tennessee's Horrible Wart Monster

"It looked worse than any monster you ever saw on television," was the way the eight members of the Herman Carr family described a macabre monster which invaded their home in Cookeville, Tennessee, during the spring of 1967.

The family first became aware of their uninvited visitor when strange noises clamored during the day on the upper floor of the home. At night, menacing footsteps indicated some "thing" was prowling through the old, two-story house.

The noises alone were certainly disturbing. Then, the ghastly creature began to play a grim game of hide-and-seek with the family.

"We would enter a room, or turn a corner, and come face to face with the haunt," Mr. Carr reported. "It was a dark, hairy creature with warts all over its head."

Mike Clayburn, Mr. Carr's son-in-law, was in an upstairs bedroom when he was attacked by the "thing." The frightening apparition leaped from behind a dresser. "Before I could recover my balance I was pushed out of the window," Clayburn related.

Clayburn was ready for the next appearance of the monster. He and his young wife were in a downstairs bedroom when a dark, hairy arm suddenly materialized

and reached toward the young woman. Clayburn grabbed a gun and fired at the creature.

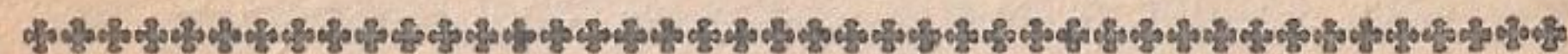
"The thing just disappeared in a fog," Clayburn claimed.

As the monster became bolder, Herman Carr sought help from Putnam County Sheriff Bill Bilyeu. Three lawmen investigated the disturbance. "We didn't find anything except a hole where Clayburn claimed he was pushed through the window," they related, "and the bullets in the window sill."

"The family believes they have a ghost in their home," editor Doyle Howard of the *Putnam County Herald* told his readers.

Finally, the monstrous visitor became less intense in his assault on the Carr family. Perhaps, at this moment, he is lurking in a dark corner of your home, ready to play his ghastly games.

Siberia's Deadly Water Monsters



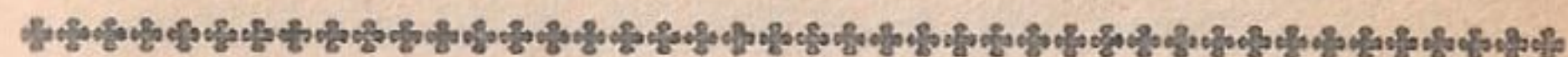
Viktor Tverdokhlebov, a Russian geologist, and several of his friends were boating on Siberia's Lake Labynkir on a warm summer afternoon in 1953. Their motor launch was speeding smoothly along the lake shore when the geologist spotted a frightening dark mass directly ahead of the boat.

"I yelled for the motorman to slow down," Tverdokhlebov declared. "As we approached, an ominous dark shape raised slightly out of the water. It was the most frightening moment of my life. Without warning, it approached and we were paralyzed with fear."

The vacationing Russians breathlessly maneuvered their boat past the surfaced creature. "It resembled a huge snake with slanted horns on the back," the geologist shuddered. "The beast had the largest head I have ever seen, with two bulging protrusions on either side, like eyes. These 'eyes' were at least six feet apart on the massive head."

The apprehensive Russians beached their boat on the nearest bank and dashed up a slope toward safety. "The creature reached the bank, stopped and then twisted in the shallow water with frightening convulsions," Tverdokhlebov said. "There was absolutely no question about the monster's intentions. It was headed directly for us and undoubtedly intended to partake of a human feast!"

The Ageless Vampires of Asia



Lem Chee, a wealthy Chinese merchant in Hong Kong, had prospered since his escape in 1949, from the Communist revolution on the mainland. However he had been continually disturbed by a nagging doubt which gnawed on his mind.

During his long walk to freedom, Lem Chee had met a beautiful young peasant girl and his heart throbbed with desire. "I know I am already forty years old," Lem Chee told the young peasant girl. "However, if your parents will agree, I would like to marry you."

The young girl smiled, brightly. "The land is in a turmoil," she answered. "I believe my parents are dead. I accept your proposal."

They were wed in a small village and climbed the steep mountains to join the thousands of refugees in Hong Kong.

Now, in June, 1963, Lem Chee rose from his desk in an expensively decorated office and stared at his reflection in a mirror. "You are an old man," he intoned sadly. "You're sixty-two years old."

His wrinkled hands passed his paunchy abdomen and his fingers touched the aging lines in his face. "You are like everyone else. You are aging," he said, solemnly. "But why does your wife stay so young?"

Lem Chee wrestled with his doubts. Finally, in desperation he walked into the hills overlooking Hong Kong and consulted an elderly woman who was known for her psychic powers.

"My wife does not show her age," he blurted.

"And you wonder if she is one of the cursed ones," the old woman croaked.

"I have heard the stories," Lem Chee replied. "She looks as young today as when we were married many years ago."

"The vampires never grow old," intoned the old woman. "There is one who is the wife of a rich farmer. They have been married for fifty years and she is more beautiful today than when she was a bride."

"What can I do," implored Lem Chee.

"Do not allow your wife to go out at night," the woman said. "Place her in a hospital for observation."

Lem Chee committed his wife to a small psychiatric clinic for a month of medical observation. The young woman was enraged by her imprisonment. She tried to escape on several occasions, attempted to bribe the clinic guards and begged for her release.

She slipped from her room on the sixth night of confinement and raided the clinic's blood room. A shocked orderly discovered the wan, pale woman gorging herself on pint after pint of blood.

"We took an inventory and discovered she had consumed more than three quarts of blood," Dr. A. Chiang reported. "She insisted she needed blood to live."

Although she ate moderately, Mrs. Lem Chee weakened without blood. One night, she asked a night nurse to adjust the straps that held her to the bed. As the nurse bent to adjust the leather belts, Mrs. Lem Chee attacked the startled woman. She struggled to sink her teeth into the nurse's jugular vein.

". . . blood . . . blood . . . blood," she whined. through the night, moaning like a starved animal.

". . . after that, we were more cautious and she aged enormously," Dr. Chiang reported. "We accepted a beautiful young girl as a patient. An old woman died on her twentieth day of confinement."

Lem Chee was overwhelmed with remorse. He died a few weeks after her funeral, convinced he was responsible for her death.

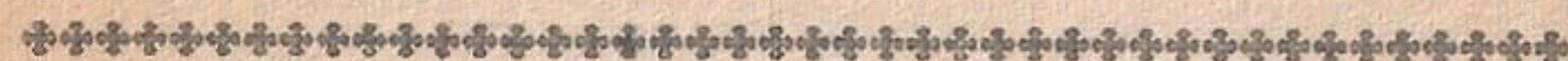
"I think it was a classic case of vampirism," Dr. Chiang declared. "The psychiatric textbooks contain some information on these rare instances where a patient becomes totally convinced of the necessity for blood as a sustenance to remain alive."

Many Asians believe Lem Chee's beautiful, ageless wife was an actual vampire within the full occult meaning of that phenomenon.

"Chinese history has always included tales of vampire women," a professor stated. "The old women claim there are now about two hundred vampire girls in all of Asia. They must drink blood to remain young forever."

Was Lem Chee's beautiful wife an actual daughter of darkness? Or, was she a tormented soul with a rare psychiatric illness? Each person will have to draw his own conclusion on the enigma of the Asian vampire girls.

Monstrous Queen of Africa's Cannibals



Queen Zingua was the favorite historical figure of the infamous Marquis De Sade. The father of sadism frequently entertained his visitors with terrifying tales from the career of Africa's undisputed cannibal queen.

Tall, regal and darkly beautiful, Zingua became queen in 1632, by killing the king, her brother. Power-mad, Zingua wanted no competition for her throne and only hours after her coronation banished her only son from the land.

"I shall always remember you," she told her son as he was forced from her palace. None of her court counselors ventured a comment on this grisly sentimental gesture.

The new queen sent out a call for the strongest men to assemble in her palace yards. On the appointed day, one hundred and thirteen muscular males were clamped in prison. They were released from their chains in pairs and ordered to fight to the death for the queen's amusement.

When the victorious winner of these contests was brought before the queen, she displayed her unusual brutality. The man was lashed to death.

"Die well." Zingua commented cruelly, applying the cat-o-nine-tails to the poor prisoner.

On one of her infrequent trips away from her palace, the cruel queen imagined she was insulted by one of her subjects. A royal decree forbade anyone to look upon the queen when her retinue passed along the road. The sharp-eyed ruler claimed a young woman had stared at her.

"That woman insulted me," Zingua informed her emissaries. "Bring her and every person in her village to my prison."

The hapless villagers were crowded into the Angola Royal prisoner's compound. They were not fed and the queen's sadistic guards refused to give them water. The six hundred prisoners could only stare past the stockade poles and out into the royal courtyard where a giant grinding mill was being constructed.

When the maniacal machine was completed, Queen Zingua dressed in her most luxurious robes. "Line the prisoners up in a row before the machine," the smirking woman told her guards.

Then, the six hundred prisoners were fed into the huge, grinding stones! Forced alive into the grisly machine, prisoners were ground to a pulp. Their blood filled several barrels. Before the cruel execution was completed, the Queen tired of the sport. She whipped many of the children who remained in the death line.

Zingua, and many of her subjects, were noted for their insatiable appetite for human flesh. During one birthday celebration for the queen, three hundred and five children were killed to prepare a devilish feast for the monstrous woman.

"Although she later embraced Christianity, it was nothing more than a ploy to keep the Portuguese out of Angola," a historian of that period wrote. "In her late seventies, she renounced cannibalism and swore she was a true Christian. She freed all of her prisoners in the royal

prison. She adopted the Christian name of Dona Ana de Souza. The old witch lived to be 80 years old and she was carried to the royal crypt over a pathway of flowers."

"I think the Devil must have grinned when he welcomed her to Hades," the historian concluded.

The Oily Monster of the Jungle

It was a moonless night in mid-September, 1965, and an army sentry paced off his guard duty at a small outpost in the thick jungles of southern Malaysia. As he neared the guard house, the sleepy sentry was alerted by a loud crash in the dark jungle brush. The sentry slammed a shell into the firing chamber of his rifle and cocked the weapon. He snapped on his flashlight and walked toward the noise.

Moments later, the loud explosion of rifle fire shattered the stillness of the jungle night. More than a hundred sleeping soldiers in a nearby barracks were awakened. They heard more rifle fire as they dressed hurriedly and rushed to the sentry's aid.

A flustered officer and several enlisted men found the sentry hiding in the guard house. He had locked the door behind him and thrust his smoking rifle barrel through a small, open window.

"I heard a noise in the bush and flashed on my light to investigate," the trembling sentry informed his commander. "I was almost scared to death. My light beam fell on a black, hairy creature with bright eyes that glowed back. The thing started toward me. I fired several times. I must have wounded it."

The skeptical officer coaxed the sentry out of the guard house and launched a quick search of the jungle. A puddle of dark, oil-like liquid was discovered on the ground where the sentry reported he had fired at the mysterious creature. A trail of the small black liquid led deeper into the jungle.

"Maybe he's the oily monster," a skeptical sergeant chided. The name stuck and the soldiers waited for morning to search the jungles for their "oily monster."

A game warden, known for his tracking ability, led the search for the creature on the following morning. "I am convinced the monster exists only in the sentry's imagination," he informed the army. Although the trail of dark oil led deep into the dense jungle, the search party was unable to find the macabre beast.

In the days that followed, scores of reports on the monster came in. Nuns, schoolgirls and housewives reported seeing the hairy creature. Several hunters shot at the beast. Couples parked in lover's lane were petrified with fear when the monster loomed up out of the darkness and pounded against their automobiles.

Some said the monster was "a black, hairy beast with large eyes that glowed." Others claimed the "oily monster" was a man with grease smeared over his body.

On the evening of September 29, the "oily monster" was sighted at twilight outside a small village. The alarmed inhabitants grabbed sticks, clubs, knives and their razor-sharp, yard-long parang knives and took off in frantic pursuit of the beast.

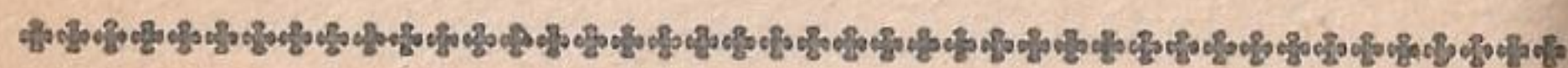
"We chased the oily one through the jungle," the village chief announced. "One of our young men circled around and smashed the beast over the head with a parang. The thing screamed with pain and bled an oily liquid."

Screaming, while bleeding from the deep head wound,

the oily monster outran the villagers and disappeared into the thick jungle. He was never seen again.

The people who saw the grotesque creature insist their judgment and vision was unimpaired. "Whatever it was, it was very real," they insisted.

Old Man Bender's Murderous Brood



The frontier salesman glanced toward the lowering sun and then reined his horse into the corral at Bender's Inn. It was 1871 and the squat, 16 by 20 log cabin was the only haven for travelers between Cherryvale and Thayer, in LaBette County, Kansas.

"Welcome," a dirty, bearded man shouted from the doorway of the cabin. "I'm Pop Bender. It 'pears like you plan to stay for the night," he said.

The salesman smiled nervously. "Well, I have heard tales about murderous Indians on the prairie at night," he said.

The fat innkeeper stroked his filthy beard. "Yep, they'll kill a man like yourself for the sheer pleasure of seeing him die. You come on inside where you are safe from harm."

The cabin was a smelly, windowless structure with a large canvas curtain hanging from ceiling to floor as a dividing partition. A single chair and table were placed near the canvas. The back of the chair was pushed against the canvas.

"Sit right down and I'll have Maw rustle up some grub." Old Man Bender pointed to the chair. "We'll take care of you right away."

The salesman dropped wearily into the wooden chair

and leaned back against the canvas. Without warning, a heavy sledge hammer smashed against his head and he dropped to the floor. Old Man Bender leaped across the room and systematically went through the salesman's pockets. He ignored the dying struggles of his latest victim.

Bender's dirty fingers plucked a heavy money belt from the salesman's waist. The old man's eyes glinted with greed. "Three hundred in gold coins," he shouted.

A loutish youth walked in from behind the canvas curtain and finished the work. The young murderer giggled with delight as he cleaned the blood and bone from the hammer. "That curtain was a mighty good idea, paw," he said, smiling.

"Yep. A real moneymaker." The old man stacked the gold coins on the table. "But you don't follow my instructions, son. I like to talk with these people before you kill them. A man can learn a whole lot listening to a smart salesman."

The young man uncovered a trap door in the floor of the cabin. He dropped the salesman's body into a gaping pit. "I'll wait a while next time," he promised.

Dinner at the pioneer Bender Inn often included poorly cooked venison, a few potatoes and death for desert. Old Man Bender and his nameless wife were the brains behind this infamous brood of murderers. They were aided by their son, a murderous maniac who hid behind the canvas curtain and hammered in the skulls of their hapless guests. Sister Kate Bender, an attractive young woman, claimed she could "talk with the dead." Kate dug the graves in their pasture and held a bizarre funeral service for each victim.

The family established their inn on the main road between the towns in LaBette County in 1871. Immediately, they started to kill, rob and bury anyone who stepped within smashing distance of their sledge hammer. Victims were dropped into the pit beneath the cabin un-

til nightfall. It was a sure way to increase the profits of their business and the Benders did not seem to be disturbed by the consequences.

"Bury them good and bury them deep and no one is gonna give us trouble," the old man maintained.

Nevertheless, murder will always create questions and early Kansas was no exception. As the months, and victims, disappeared, it was evident that something unusual was happening in LaBette County. There was always at least one tearful relative going around the county inquiring about a lost loved one.

Dr. William York launched a search for his missing brother in April, 1873. The physician confronted the Bender brood with his evidence. "I have been able to trace my brother's movement to your inn," Dr. York declared. "He told others of his plans to spend the night here. I demand an explanation."

Old Man Bender fidgeted for a brief moment, then smiled at the doctor. "Nope. He didn't stop here. No siree. Say—" He stroked his dirty beard. "Why don't you sit down at the table and I'll have Maw fix something to eat."

"I have no time to eat," the physician replied, curtly.

"There's a lot of Indians around these parts," Sister Kate stated. "I hear mean Jesse James is running loose again. I can talk with the dead, you know, and maybe the spirits can help find your brother."

The doctor shook his head in bewilderment and left the Benders to continue his search. He talked with more people who had met his brother along the road. "The trail keeps leading back to the Benders," he declared. "I'm going back out there and get some straight answers."

Cattle and horses were bawling hungrily in the Benders' barn when the doctor reined his horse at the hitching post. There was no one around the now deserted log cabin and the doctor guessed correctly that the family had fled. The physician searched the cabin, found the

bloody pit under the floor and assembled a group of aroused citizens.

A Thayer resident was feeding his hungry cattle when he stumbled on a raised mound in the pasture. The puzzled man discovered a dozen other mounds scattered around the field. The first grave contained the body of Dr. York's missing brother.

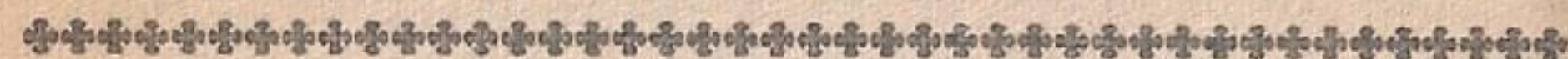
The angry Kansans scoured the prairie for information on the Benders. A ticket agent in Thayer claimed the family had purchased railroad tickets to Chicago. Others claimed the family had frequently mentioned moving to Oklahoma territory. "I'll bet they went south," a lawman declared. "Let's get a posse together and run them down."

The posse pounded into Oklahoma, armed for a killing and ready for a quick lynching. The sad-faced vigilantes returned to Kansas a few days later. "We never even caught them," the leader asserted. "The 'Hell Benders' must have gone east."

However, shortly after the manhunters returned, the rumor mills in Kansas ground out a whispered tale: "The posse actually captured the Benders, hung the whole bunch and divided up \$10,000 in murder money." The rumor was never proven, although the story has persisted to this day.

The authorities continued their search for the insidious innkeepers for four decades. The case has yet to be officially closed, but, if the posse did not catch the "Hell Benders" in Oklahoma, then the fatal family possibly continued to ply their evil trade along other roads.

Mexico's Deadly Devil's Daughters



In the summer of 1963, the federal police in Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, apprehended the Satan-worshipping members of a cult of witches. Before their apprehension, the dozen Devil-worshippers had killed six people as human sacrifices to their dark gods.

"Their victims were mutilated and tortured to death," announced a police official. "Hearts were ripped from still living victims and devoured by these evil women."

These witches practiced their own version of the ancient black arts. Their bizarre rites were a combination of European witchcraft, voodoo and the ancient Aztec belief in living human sacrifices.

"They were nothing but perverse monsters," declared a prosecutor, who obtained convictions against every member of the group. "Some of their deeds were so terrible that we found them difficult to imagine."

Florida's Mysterious Sandman Monster



Recently, residents of Holopaw, Florida, bolted their doors, oiled their guns and stayed indoors after sundown when a southern version of the abominable snowman invaded the sunshine state. The creature was tagged "the abominable sandman" by Florida newsmen and "that awful creature" by eyewitnesses.

Something described as "about five feet tall, covered with hair . . . twice as broad as a man and walking upright on two legs" raided garbage cans, invaded homes, frightened dogs and scared livestock. When the tiny crossroads community settled down from the bizarre invasion, no one was certain whether their uninvited visitor had been a bear, an escaped gorilla or, as many insisted, a real live midget monster.

Two young deer hunters first sighted the hairy monster. They took steady aim and fired their high-powered rifles at the beast. The creature roared with pain and scrambled away. The two young men followed a trail of blood into the dense Florida vegetation. Angry growls of pain sent the two men hurrying in the opposite direction.

Shortly afterward, the "sandman" invaded a garage, making a frightening noise as he prowled through the tools and jars stored there. The homeowner rushed to in-

investigate and retreated rapidly when the growling beast tossed a tire tube at him.

From these initial sightings, stories about the grotesque monster mushroomed each day. The "sandman" was here, raiding a garbage can and frightening children. He was there, breaking down a fence and frightening cattle. Like the wind, he was everywhere, growling at dogs, peering through windows, or chasing a housewife into her home. An atmosphere of terror was quickly generated in the community. However, Florida lawmen viewed the "sandman" sensation as highly exaggerated. "There's nothing to it," a policeman reported. "At the very most, the sandman is nothing more than an escaped gorilla."

Yet, zoo keepers in Florida insisted there were no escaped gorillas on their wanted lists. Frightened people who encountered the beast were certainly not calmed by the gorilla tale.

Max Atwell, an Osceola County ranchhand, was parked in a pick-up truck in a pasture in late 1966. He was waiting for a small herd of cattle to come down to the fence gate. "Suddenly, this thing growled and came scrambling out of a patch of weeds near my truck," Atwell stated. "It ran directly toward the truck. I started trembling, man. I rolled up those truck windows and snapped the door locks."

The hairy beast approached the driver's side of the vehicle, peered into the window and growled again. "It was a low, guttural sound," Atwell wrote me. "My mind started working again and I remembered I was in a truck. I started the engine and the noise frightened the beast. It moved away. I floor-boarded that truck, buddy, and roared out of there. I must have been doing 90 MPH all the way to my home."

Ashen-faced and shaken, Atwell returned to the scene, armed with a shotgun. "The creature had vanished," he wrote. "I've thought a lot about the incident since then.

Our faces were only a few inches apart when the thing looked through the window. That was no gorilla. It was more a combination of a human and a gorilla. An ape-man."

Eventually, the 'sandman' disappeared from Holopaw and, shortly afterward, other communities in Florida were alarmed by similar sightings. Even today, there are several sightings each month as the 'sandman' ventures out of the swamps toward civilization.

The Search For Big Foot

Hundreds of people have scoured the forests of northern California, in search of the Big Foot monster since four workmen spotted 17-inch long footprints near the tiny community of Willow Creek on August 27, 1958. Many scoffers say the Big Foot story is a practical joke or an elaborate hoax. However, the Indians in the mountains have always told of wild men who lived deep in the forests.

Residents of Tuolumne County, California, near Yosemite National Forest, have also repeatedly glimpsed an ape-like creature in their area. Unusual tracks have been left by "something."

In December, 1963, the sheriff's deputy, Albert Miller, discovered tracks on a snow-covered road leading to a garbage dump. The lawman insisted the tracks, sixteen inches long by six inches wide, were not those of a bear.

In January, 1964, a pilot flew low over Pinecrest and saw a creature standing erect in the snow. "It looked like a 10-foot man with an ape-like face and appearance," he reported.

This description tallied with another made several months earlier from the same area by a pilot and a Pacific Gas and Electric Company snow surveyor. They saw a

creature in the snow, banked their plane to photograph the beast and saw it disappear into the woods.

Gilroy Hall, a Union City mechanic, has hunted the creature for several years. In 1964, Hall and his wife lived in the Auburn district and told newsmen they frequently found tracks within 75 to 100 feet of their cabin. "They were 12 to 16 inches from toe to heel and about five to six inches wide," Hall declared. "They were the prints of a man, not a bear."

Legend or living creature? According to reliable people, something prowls the forests of America. It may be another creature who has stepped out of the howling universe of the unknown.

The Teenager Who Was A Human Magnet

In 1890, a professor who was visiting the University of Maryland noticed a whispering crowd pushing into a small examination room at the College of Pharmacy. Curious, the professor joined the whispering throng. "Is there a famous doctor lecturing?" he inquired.

"Nothing so dull as that," a student replied. "They're going to examine the young lad who is sitting at that table."

The professor peered through the crowd and glimpsed a sixteen-year-old youth slouched in a chair. "He looks normal," he remarked. "What is his problem?"

"He's a human magnet," the student declared. "He attracts metals like a real magnet and the phenomenon has become quite an annoyance in his life. The profs checked him the other day and they were unable to reach a conclusion. They've called in several scientists, including a famous electrical engineer."

Seconds later, the examination was started unexpectedly when a visiting electrical engineer absent-mindedly laid a metal ruler on the table. The ruler skittered across the surface and clung to the patient's chest.

The engineer stared in slack-jawed amazement. "That's impossible!" he shouted above the babble of the crowd. "There is evidently some type of fraud."

From that unusual beginning, the examining committee thoroughly checked Louis Hamburger for some remote possibility of fraud. The boy complied with their directions. "Gentlemen, I am not playing tricks," he declared. "Being magnetized has complicated my life. If I walk too close to a steel bridge, for example, I am attracted to the metal and stuck there until someone can assist in releasing me."

Satisfied that there was no fraud, the frustrated electrical engineer plucked several foot-long, one-inch iron rods from his briefcase. Louis Hamburger spread his fingers wide and the rods dangled from his hands as if they were held by a powerful magnet.

"I selected those bars myself," the engineer announced. "There can be no possible trick."

Iron filings were placed in a glass beaker and the tube was also attracted to the youth's outstretched palm. "I'm quite baffled by the entire thing," the bewildered engineer declared.

Unable to aid the boy in any manner, the examining committee could only prepare their final report, which concluded: "There is no rational explanation for the boy's magnetism."

Louis Hamburger disappeared after the examination and no one knows if he ever succeeded in overcoming his annoying malady.

Oscar, Minnesota's Friendly Monster



"Did you ever have that sudden feeling that someone was staring at you?" is the way that Jerry Jensen, a 38-year-old Chicagoan, tells of his encounter with a lake monster. "I was fishing last fall on Big Pine Lake, Minnesota, when the hair raised on the back of my neck. I turned around in the boat and was staring directly at this gigantic finned creature."

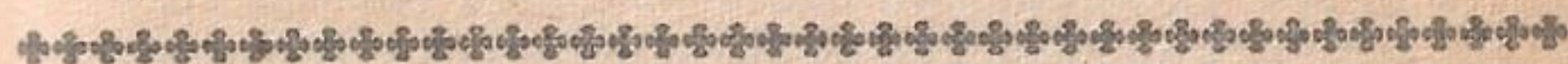
Although he wanted to scream with fright, Jensen remained perfectly still. "The creature stared back with an almost curious look," he informed the authorities. "It was as if I was being studied. We stared at each other for about a minute and a million thoughts raced through my mind. Then, the monster turned, swam a few yards and vanished under the water."

"He was right behind my boat," Jensen maintained. "I could have reached out and touched it."

Jensen was informed that he had possibly been visited by Oscar, the friendly monster in Big Pine Lake. "Oscar is harmless," local fishermen maintain. "He may frighten a fisherman or a boater, but he's really friendly and has never hurt anyone."

Legends in the area tell of Indian tribes camping along the lakeshores to worship the "giant serpents."

Filming The Big Foot Monsters



A police "wanted" bulletin on the Sasquash, or Big Foot, creatures might read:

WANTED: Mysterious two-footed mammal that walks upright and is believed to be a missing link between the ape and human family. Height, seven to ten feet. Weight: ranges from 400 to 900 pounds.

Suspect can be identified by reddish-black hair, one-inch in length, which covers the body except for feet, hands and nose. Suspect has been seen on more than 1,000 occasions in the past ten years. Best place to spot the suspect is in California, Washington, Idaho, Oregon, western Canada and Alaska.

While the police have not yet printed this "wanted" bulletin on these elusive forest creatures, many American monster hunters have these descriptions etched in their minds.

One of the most successful hunters is Roger Patterson, a 35-year-old ex-rodeo contestant from Yakima, Washington. Patterson became intrigued with the mysterious beasts several years ago and interviewed scores of people who claimed to have encountered the creatures. Skeptical at first, Patterson became excited by the possibility of photographing, or capturing, a big-footed Sa-

squash. He made several unsuccessful treks into the vast western wilderness areas.

Then, at 3:30 p.m. on the afternoon of October 20, 1967, Patterson and Bob Gimlin were packing into the great forest northwest of Eureka, California. Suddenly, they glimpsed a strange, fur-covered creature walking upright through the woods. Patterson grabbed his movie camera, zooming in on the beast as it scurried through the woods.

The result was a highly controversial strip of 16 millimeter color movie film. Scientist Ivan T. Sanderson, author of *Snowman—Legend Come to Life*, arranged for several distinguished colleagues to view the film in Washington, D. C.

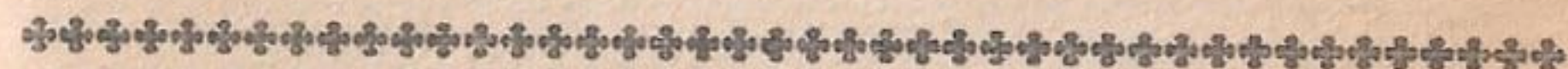
A biologist from the Smithsonian Institute "observed nothing which I could point to directly as a hoax." Another scientist speculated that the hairy, half-human creatures might have migrated to America from Asia.

Both American and Canadian scientists viewed the film with puzzled caution. Dr. Don Abbot, an anthropologist with the Provincial Museum in Victoria, British Columbia, saw the film and commented: "It is as hard to believe this film could have been faked as to admit that such a creature might exist."

There has been "missing links" in the "ape-to-man" Darwinian theory of evolution. "The Sasquash may be one of these links," Patterson declared.

The controversy over the film will undoubtedly continue until the western monster hunter brings in a Sasquash—dead or alive!

Enigma of the Devil's Footprints



A classical case of psychical mystery occurred on February 8, 1855, when the residents of Devonshire, England, awakened to discover a trail of imprints in freshly fallen snow. The hooflike prints stretched for nearly 100 miles across the countryside, along streets, over roofs and through open fields.

The prints were made by a single pair of legs rather than the traditional four hooves of a beast of burden. "There were no other prints of any kind around so we have ruled out a possible prankster," an investigator declared.

Thousands of people saw the prints. None were able to provide a rational explanation for the phenomenon. "Perhaps the Devil walked in Devonshire," a clergyman suggested and his label stuck to the incident.

More than a century later, the "Devil's Footprints" still remain a mystery.

Ritual For A Werewolf



A werewolf is the legendary man-beast with the alleged ability to instantly transform itself into a killer animal. This murderous metamorphosis is supposed to occur at midnight, preferably in the deepest reaches of some dark forest. Legends claim the transformed wolfman is then driven by a lusting, carnivorous appetite.

Medieval manuscripts have disclosed the rituals used by the ancients to call the dark powers of werewolfdom.

The supplicant must select a level piece of ground and wait until the light of a new moon burns brightly. At midnight, a seven foot circle is chalked on the earth with a three-foot circle inscribed inside. At the exact center of the two circles, at a spot marked with a white "X," the candidate lights a black candle.

Arrangements completed, the supplicant who seeks the evil powers of werewolfery must chant:

"Spirits of the dead, with souls of lead, hear me.

"Spirits of the grave, you Devil's slaves, hear me.

"Spirits of the air, from the wolves' lair, hear me.

"Spirits of the Devil, with deeds so evil, hear me.

"Spirits of hell's fire, angry with ire, hear me.

"Wolves, vampires, ghosts and ghouls,

"Make me one of your evil tools.

"Send me yon, send me hither,

"In a shape to make men quiver!

"Shiver, shiver, shiver!

"Come, Werewolves, come!"

Chant completed, the applicant must crouch inside the circle to undergo the terrible transformation. The change should start when the candle flame turns blue.

The old manuscripts usually ended their descriptions of the ritual by stating, "the reader must beware calling up the powers of darkness because the werewolf is always killed by a silver stake, or a silver bullet!"

Deadly Vision of the Fiery Indian

"I always get the urge to do these things when the red Indian appears in my mind," was a statement that cleared up four murders and a tragic wave of arson from Maine to California. Robert Lee Segee, then an illiterate 21-year-old circus roustabout, confessed the killings and admitted he set the terrible Hartford, Connecticut, "Big Top" blaze that took 169 lives.

Segee confessed his crimes on June 30, 1950, to the police in Columbus, Ohio. He told State Fire Marshall Henry J. Callen that he was driven to murder and arson when he envisioned a "fiery Indian riding on a flaming horse."

Segee told examining psychiatrists that he had frequent visions in which the red Indian appeared in full war-paint. "He told me to set the fires and then helped me get away before I was caught," Segee declared. "I have had these dreams all of my life."

Committed to a mental institution, Segee sketched pictures of his incredible mental accomplice and these were printed in the July 17, 1950 issue of *Life* magazine.

Harry Holmes— Master of Mass Murder

Harry Howard Holmes was his name. Cold-blooded mass murder was his game. A tall, dapper, mustached Romeo with hypnotic eyes, Holmes was the maniacal master of a bizarre murder castle in Chicago. Estimates of his victims range from thirty to two hundred.

"Actually, I only killed twenty-seven women," Holmes insisted after his capture. "... plus a few children and old folks, who don't count."

He was born as Herman W. Mudgett in a small community in New Hampshire, and quickly gained the reputation as the laziest, meanest boy in town. Although he was quick-witted and endowed with a nimble mind, young Holmes conjured up evil schemes.

"Work is for dumb animals," he declared, after being caught in the act of selling his grandfather's purloined watch to a pool shark.

Holmes spent his early years between the schoolroom and the sheriff's office. He was caught rifling the poor box in the village church. He was named as the brains of a complicated ring of adolescent horse thieves—but the sheriff couldn't prove it. The crime rate in his hometown doubled, then tripled, as young Harry Holmes practiced his criminal calling.

Holmes channeled his criminal tendencies into the fine

art of insurance company swindling when he entered the medical school at the University of Michigan. "It just seemed a waste to leave all of those dead bodies lying around," he explained.

Never a man to miss a fast buck, Holmes purchased insurance policies on fictitious people. He stole corpses from the medical school to cash in on the insurance. First, he made \$1,000, then \$2,000 and was finally insuring the bodies for \$10,000. The insurance companies were beginning to wonder if the entire population in Michigan wasn't afflicted with a bad case of instant dropsy when a policy was written and approved.

The scheme might have gone on forever except for a suspicious faculty at the medical school. One dead body on any campus can get lost. "But, I know we can't lose fifteen bodies in a row," sputtered an angry professor. "Someone is stealing corpses from the dissecting room. I want a 24-hour guard on the premises."

Two nights later, Harry was caught trying to lug off another specimen for the insurance companies. His innocent "who me?" expression didn't work with the medical school dean. "I was just trying to pick up a few extra dollars," Harry whined.

The dean was unimpressed. "You have ten minutes to pack your clothes and leave this campus forever."

Holmes packed, stuck out his tongue at the school and grabbed the first train to Chicago. His nefarious stop in the windy city added an impressive chapter to the lengthy annals of Chicago crime.

Harry Holmes hit Chicago like a free-wheeling millionaire. The World's Fair of 1893 was just starting and soon there would be thousands of visitors in the city. He purchased a sprawling, 100-room mansion at 63rd and Wallace with the ghoulish gains from his Michigan caper.

"I am going to rent rooms to tourists," he informed his neighbors. "I may have to do a bit of remodeling."

Holmes transformed the building into a homicidal maniac's delight. The castle was remodeled into a deadly maze of hidden rooms, secret trap doors, sliding panels, false ceilings, windowless rooms and a labyrinth of huge chutes to slide bodies down to the roaring furnace in the basement. Holmes developed his complete murder mansion with every possible facility for disposing of a body, murdering a victim or doing in a friend. He brought American ingenuity and mass production methods to murder.

Holmes rubbed his hands in mad anticipation, walking from room to room. "It's time to open up for business," he chortled.

Holmes advertised in the newspapers for a secretary and dozens of young women applied for the job. He hired a dozen, persuaded them to name him the beneficiary of an insurance policy and lured the unsuspecting women to their deaths. "He killed more than two hundred people," the Chicago police claimed.

After several months of mass murder, Holmes burned down the mansion in an effort to collect \$100,000 in fire insurance. The Chicago police suspected arson and the dapper killer left Chicago to murder his way around America for several more months.

"He married a young girl in St. Louis, murdered her and collected on an insurance policy," a police report stated. "We have never been able to determine how many people he killed during those 30 months of travel."

In 1895, Holmes confided his mass murder schemes to a thief. "You find them and I'll kill them," Holmes suggested. "We'll be partners."

"I may be a crook but I'm not a monster," the thief snapped.

The crook reported Holmes' schemes to the police. A nation-wide manhunt was launched. Holmes was nabbed in Philadelphia for murdering a crook who had agreed

to a murderous partnership. "I needed a body to collect on a policy," Holmes shrugged. "He was available."

Holmes was brought to trial for the murder of his accomplice, Ben Pitzel, and was found guilty and hanged on May 7, 1896. He was never charged with his Chicago crimes. "Unfortunately, you can only hang a man once," the Chicago police said.

Holmes was the "criminal of the century" and the most awesome murderer in the history of America.

America's Long-Necked Lake Monsters



Since 1933, millions of monster lovers have followed the exploits of "Nessie," the legendary long-necked creature who lurks in Scotland's Loch Ness lake. Although the reports are not publicized as much, there are equally fascinating sightings of long neckers in the lakes and streams of North America.

A fisherman from Lyons Falls, New York, was frightened some years ago when a "fifteen foot something" emerged from the Black river and splashed playfully around his boat. The dark brown creature had a round, tapered body and "eyes that stood out like silver dollars." The beast has been seen by other startled fishermen.

Payette Lake, Idaho, is also a lair for the legendary long neckers. Local residents and tourists have spotted the creature. "It is long, has a sharp bump on its back and swims with an up and down motion," one shaking fisherman informed newsmen.

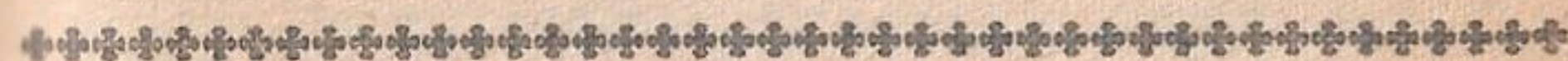
Lake Banagan, British Columbia, Canada, is believed to contain an entire family of underwater serpents. Many tourists visited the lake each year in hopes of catching a glimpse of the beasts.

"I fish in Banagan every year," declared Andrew Ellsworth, from Toronto. "I've seen a long necker on two occasions. Now, I carry a camera and plan to get a photo-

graph someday. Some people think they're dangerous but I believe they're just curious."

The riddle of lake monsters continues to puzzle investigators. Scientists have given little attention to reports from sighters. Monster hunters point out that strange species of life continue to be discovered. The *coelacanth* fish was believed to be extinct for 50 million years—then a specimen was caught in 1938.

The Mad Kings of Tripoli



History has recorded many bizarre methods for the selection of kings and presidents. Yet, no nation has ever equalled the grotesque processes used in Tripoli, a pirate's kingdom in North Africa.

Rais Osman, a private in the army, was appointed pasha on November 28, 1672, and had barely taken his office when the electors changed their minds. Pasha for less than three hours, Osman was strangled to death by the men who appointed him.

Ag Muhammed el Haddad was elected pasha in 1673, because of the color of his hair. The electors were deadlocked in a struggle to select a ruler. Let's end this argument by appointing the first blond-haired man we meet," one bearded shiek suggested. El Haddad was pulled off a street corner, brought to the palace and ruled for six years until his natural death in 1679.

In 1701, the army revolted and routed the royalist forces from the palace. The victorious rebels looked around for a king and finally elected Osman, an elderly coffeemaker.

"Why Osman?" a British ambassador inquired.

"He makes a good cup of coffee," the rebels replied.

"That's more than most kings can do."

Osman ruled for six months and was then replaced by a new king.

A 28-year-old convicted murderer, Giovanni Soffietti, was being led to his execution in 1631. The young Italian adventurer had resigned his fate to the executioner when a messenger dashed into the Tripoli prison.

The condemned man was offered a bizarre choice. "You can die here or embrace our Muhammadan religion and become king," the messenger stated.

"I just became a convert," Soffietti agreed, quickly.

Muhammed Giovanni Soffietti Abdella ruled Tripoli for 18 years until his death in 1649. Once, his court physician confessed he had turned down a \$250,000 bribe to poison the Italian-born ruler. Soffietti immediately had the physician thrown into an insane asylum.

"Only a nut would turn down that much money," Soffietti claimed.

Chang Hsien-Chung's Hideous Holocaust

As a boy, Chang Hsien-Chung delighted in pulling the wings off butterflies, tormenting smaller children and jerking viciously at the pigtails of his Chinese playmates. Later, when he grew to manhood, Chang became a ferocious bandit leader who left the black silence of death as his calling card.

"Leave nothing alive in this cursed town!" Chang cried, leading his brutal bandit horde into a village. Men, women, children, even dogs and cats, were executed by Chang's marauding warriors.

Eventually, the government fell under Chang's reign of terror. The cruel Chinaman became the absolute ruler of Szechuan, China's largest province. Chang celebrated his victory by executing 600,000 people and transforming Chengtu, his capital city, into a ghost town. Thousands of priests, soldiers and students were killed when they spoke out against the monstrous murders.

In 1643, when he rose to power, Chang commanded an army of 400,000 soldiers. "I am worried that my men will become more interested in their families than in serving me," he announced one afternoon. "I hereby order every wife, daughter and sister of every soldier killed immediately." The execution squads killed almost a million women.

One afternoon, an aide to Chang neglected to move a thorny flower out of his master's chair. Chang sat down on the prickly plant; he screamed in anger as a black rage settled over his face. "I want everyone killed," he shouted.

Again, his efficient execution squads launched a hideous holocaust. *In two years, they killed 38 million people in Szechuan province!* It was the most horrible act of butchery in recorded history.

After five years of bloody rule, Chang was killed by an army of the Manchus. Szechuan was liberated. It was a hollow victory because the cruel Chinaman had destroyed every house, burned every building, killed every animal and murdered every person in the province.

Szechuan remained a desolate wilderness for 80 years because superstitious Chinese peasants refused to enter the "Devil's land." Finally, the Manchu emperor imported foreigners to settle the area.

Altogether, the maddest monster of the ages slaughtered forty million people during the five years of his reign.

Invasion of the Monster Hunters

In April, 1965, a river in South Africa was invaded by an army of monster hunters who flocked to Vanderbijl Park to hunt for a huge reptilian creature. There had been recurring sightings of a "huge creature with glowing eyes" lurking in and around the river Vaal.

The monster hunters were attracted by a report from a reputable businessman. "I was out for a Sunday drive with the family," newsmen were told. "Suddenly, we turned a curve and this giant lizard blocked the road. I barely missed smashing into the bloody beast. It moved across the road, down the field and into the backwaters behind the dam."

Veteran monster hunters poured into the area, equipped with flares, skin-diving equipment and underwater cameras. They scoured the lake waters for three days, failed to raise the creature and then abandoned the search.

Since then, several shaken eyewitnesses have seen the beast. "The thing forages for food on land at night," claimed Hans Bjorge, a sighter.

"We receive a report about every thirty days," said Constable James Padanenski. "People demand that the police do something. If that lizard is really out there and

I ever see it, you'll see me moving in the other direction."

"I think these people are suffering from hysteria or hallucinations," the lawman added. "If not, we're going to have to rewrite a few textbooks."

The Fiery Phantom of Diamond Island



Today, the name of Diamond Island means very little to psychical researchers or monster hunters. In 1888, however, the tiny island in the river near Hardin, Illinois, was the haunting ground for a fire-breathing, night-prowling manifestation that scared scores of Hardin residents.

The first report of the island-haunting spook occurred in 1885, when two teenaged boys were fishing along the river one night. Shortly after midnight, a fiery ball of leaping flames rose up from the island and remained suspended over the island.

The two youths ran home and breathlessly told their sleepy-eyed parents about their experience. "We saw an ugly face in the flames," the boys insisted.

There was little credence given to their story until several reputable citizens of the community also witnessed the same bouncing ball of flames. "It was about the size of a barrel and there were definite features in it," a businessman shuddered. "I could see the shape of something fuzzy inside the fire."

Finally, in September, 1888, a group of skeptical young men banded together in Hardin for an all-night hunt for Diamond Island's fiery phantom. Armed with guns, clubs, knives and pitch-forks, they rowed to Dia-

mond Island and then ferried others in the group onto the island. "Pull the boat in these weeds," the leader ordered. "If someone is playing the part of a spook, we don't want him to know we're here."

The boat was hidden as darkness descended over the island. The band of men hunched in the weeds, nerves tense, alert to any sign of the mysterious manifestation.

Suddenly, the entire tip of the island was bathed in glowing red light as a red object rose up out of the water, glided into the air and hung suspended above their heads. Shotguns boomed, rifles cracked and frightened cries of excited young men exploded in the midnight silence.

The fiery ball of flames dipped closer to the shouting men, twisting in the velvet sky. "Let's get out of here," someone shouted. The group raced for the boat.

They stopped at the edge of the island, horrified. The ball of fire dipped low, seemingly landed in their boat and the skiff was being rowed away. As the boat moved away, the fiery flames were transformed into the shape of a small, coverall-clad man. The frightened men were transfixed by the unbelievable terror of the situation.

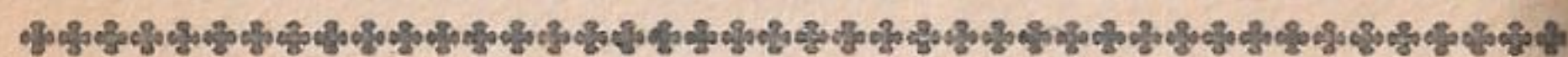
The flaming phantom rowed the boat to mid-stream, changed back into a flaming ball and rose into the sky. "It disappeared above the trees on the island," a witness claimed. "It was just like you threw a bucket of water on a fire. It vanished instantly!"

On Diamond Island, the weird phenomenon had left a trembling group of young men. Some screamed, others shouted for help and several dropped to their knees in the mud and prayed. Their cries awakened a farmer who lived near the river and he rescued the babbling group. "One boy was so frightened that he couldn't move," the farmer said, later. "We carried him on and off my row-boat."

The strange happenings on Diamond Island continued for several more months but even the most avowed skept-

tics in the community did not volunteer to spend a night on the island. Then, like many other mysteries, the phenomenon ceased and the incident became an almost forgotten enigma in the annals of the unexplained.

The Medieval Monastery's Subterranean Dwarf



On a warm spring morning in A.D. 1138, the monks of Brumia monastery in the Trier region of Prussia were astir before 7 a.m. Although the monastery had been established by Pepin the Short, the father of Emperor Charlemagne, the monks were disturbed by the threat of a possible scandal.

The monastery's harassed wine cellarer had blurted his accusations to the abbot on the previous night. "Your Lord, one of the brothers is slipping into the winery at night, stealing the liquid and carrying it away."

"Do you have proof?" the abbot inquired.

"Wine has been missing for some time," the cellarer declared. "Lately, the chief has tapped the bungholes and allowed whole casks of wine to run out on the floor during the night."

The abbot reflected for a moment. "We shall secure the bungholes, anoint them with holy water and place a secure lock on the winery door," he announced.

"Now, early in the morning, the monks gathered on the flagstone steps beside the thick door leading into the wine cellar. They squinted in the dimness as a portly friar unlocked the door. A tug at the door and an on-rushing stream of rich wine flowed out on the floor and splashed at their ankles. The startled monks dashed into

the flooded wine room and glimpsed a shadowy figure rushing behind a wine cask.

"Mother of God!" blurted the cellarer, pulling a dark-skinned dwarf away from a hole beneath a displaced flagstone in the wall. "Here's the thief who has stolen our wine."

As he spoke, another monk checked the hole. It led down into the earth. "There seems no end to the hole," the monk declared.

The captured dwarf was brought before the astonished abbot. "Where do you come from, child?" the holy man inquired. "Are you a Nubian from Africa? Where are your parents?"

The dark-skinned pygmy stared back in impassive silence.

"We mean you no harm," the abbot continued. "You may live here in our monastery and receive a good Christian education."

In the weeks that followed, the silent dwarf refused food and drink. He never spoke, seldom slept and spent the nights sitting cross-legged on a bed, staring impassively at the wall.

One afternoon, the abbot of a neighboring monastery was brought to Brumia for his advice on the dwarf. "My God! He is not what you think," exploded the visitor. "He must be expelled at once. He is clearly the tool of the Devil."

One ancient manuscript declares the dwarf then disappeared in a sulphurous puff of smoke. Another claims the little man raced to the cellar, attacked the winekeeper and disappeared into the gaping hole beneath the floor.

This strange tale was inscribed in a manuscript left by Gervase, a monk at Christ Church, Canterbury. Several other 11th century scrolls also recorded the uncanny experience.

Ancient monastic scribes believed there was a vast subterranean world peopled by demons, devils and evil

spirits. There are myths and legends in all countries of the world telling of this nether civilization. Entrance was supposedly made through long tunnels and deep caverns.

Saxo-Gammaticus, a thirteenth century Danish historian, recorded the folk myths of ancient Denmark. He told of a Viking belief in "Hadding Land," an underworld peopled with giants, black dwarves and the "serpent people." The Church condemned such beliefs and only a few scribes recorded incidents involving black dwarves, strange appearances and hidden worlds. The abbot of Brumia monastery sealed the hole in the wine cellar.

Perhaps, we should keep these seals carefully guarded and unopened.

The Boy Who Died of Old Age



Notebooks and instruments at hand, the team of doctors probed, tested and jabbed at tiny five-year-old Charles Charlesworth in his home on a small farm in Staffordshire, England. They were admittedly puzzled by the child's queer appearance.

"Look at these whiskers," a physician exclaimed, tugging at the child's beard. "They're already turning white."

"His voice sounds like an old man's croak," a colleague added. "Did you check his hair? I found several gray ones."

The four doctors spent an entire morning examining their unusual patient and then sent the child out to play. They withdrew to a far room in the home for a conference and returned to the worried parents. "We cannot explain the phenomenon," the family doctor admitted. "Little Charles is advancing very rapidly in age. He has the physical appearance of a fifty-year-old man."

"But our baby is only five years old," protested Mrs. Charlesworth. "He was a normal child until he was four years old. Can't you do something?"

The physicians shrugged with dejection. "We can only wait and pray," a London physician remarked.

In the next two years, little Charles aged into a

wizened old man. His hair whitened, then fell out in balding patches. His once cheerful face wrinkled into an old man's countenance. His childish hands knotted into rheumatic knots and he walked with the painful motions of old age. Little Charles died when he was seven years old, looking like an old man of ninety.

Even today, medical science can only wonder at the strange glandular malfunctions which strike at random and age an occasional child. Little Charles was born in 1829. He died in 1836—from old age!

Monster From The Skies— 1897 Style

The 1897 UFO flap started on the night of November 18, 1896, when hundreds of people in Sacramento, California, saw a cigar-shaped metallic object in the sky. Within the next few months, according to news stories in yellowed newspaper files, the strange "sky ship" was sighted in more than 300 cities.

One of the most frightening reports was telegraphed from Williamston, Michigan, on April 17, 1897. The Lansing, Michigan *State Republican* newspaper printed the story:

"Williamston, Mich.—This morning at a mile west of this village, a balloon or flying machine landed in a farmer's field. A dozen farmers watched the air ship maneuver in the sky for more than an hour before it landed. When it landed, they gathered around but a good many did not stay for very long.

"A strange man, if a man he might be called, was in charge of the ship. He had plenty of clothes but seemed to have no use for them. He was nearly naked and seemed to suffer from the heat.

"He was judged to be ten feet tall and his talk, while musical, was a repetition of bellowing. One of the braver farmers approached the bellowing being and received a

kick that will last him for a long time. His hip was broken.

"Great excitement prevails here. People are coming here from Okemos and Locke to see the strange man. They stand at a safe distance. He seems to be trying to talk to everyone but no one cares to go near.

"The people who have not seen him refuse to believe it. Six of our best people will sign affidavits that it is true."

Later, the bellowing being returned to the air ship and the craft flew away."

The Ghost Who Haunts A Prison

On Tuesday, January 17, 1967, the British newspapers published the story of a frightening "weird presence" at Shepton Mallet prison, in Somerset. The guards at the old prison were fearful of a ghost haunting their tiny guardroom at night.

"We've heard some unexplained bangings, rattings and knockings," reported the six night guards. "Some of us have been frightened by the mysterious sound of heavy breathing where no one is about. Others claim that someone or something prowls through the room at night."

One guard believed their invisible visitor was hostile. "I wouldn't spend another night alone in that room for all of the king's jewels," he declared.

Barry Wiggington, prison warden, prepared a written report for Roy Jenkins, Britain's Home Secretary. "There is no satisfactory explanation for these happenings," the warden stated. Warden Wiggington spent a night in the guardroom. He discovered nothing beyond the ordinary boredom of a long night. "I have called in two chaplains to talk with the men," he added.

Several people mentioned a legendary ghost who is said to haunt the 400-year-old prison. A young woman was beheaded at the prison in 1860. Since then, her glowing, headless ghost has been seen each autumn and win-

ter. "Everyone calls her the 'white lady,'" a guard explained. "The older prisoners claim she is searching for her head."

"If there's a ghost walking around in the prison yard, it can have this job," another guard told the journalists.

The Strange Lemurians of Mt. Shasta

The forested area around California's 14,380 foot Mt. Shasta is crammed with local legends concerning hairy ape-men romping in a hidden "Ape Canyon:" white-robed, sandaled and bearded Lemurian masters, with instant invisibility" who whistle music of the woods. Some Siskiyou County residents claim a mystical link between their majestic extinct volcanic mountain and the lost continent of Mu.

"Legends claim Lemuria was a highly developed civilization on a continent in the Pacific Ocean," explained expert E. T. Canton, who has studied the mystery for a lifetime. "They were experts in mental telepathy, flew in aerial ships shaped like flying saucers and were more advanced scientifically than our present civilization."

The Lemurian continent is said to have linked America with Asia but it sank abruptly during ancient times. A courageous band of Lemurians were forewarned of the disaster and fled to Mt. Shasta, near the Oregon border. Since then, some claim, they have maintained an outpost of their dead society in the hollows of Mt. Shasta's volcanic caves.

Northern California's folklore brims with tales of strangely clad people in white robes who tramp the hidden forests. "Legends say they shopped in stores at Weed,

California, paying for their purchases with gold nuggets," E. T. Canton reported. "There are tales of hunters encountering these people. They run away or instantly become invisible. Indians told the early pioneers about these people. A melodious whistling music can still be heard at times in the forests."

There are other remarkable stories about Mt. Shasta's Lemurians. A rocky forest canyon has been tagged "Ape Canyon," named by early pioneers who saw hairy abominable snowmen-like creatures in the woods. "Early Spanish explorers were told by the Indians that the 'hairy ones' lived there and were not to be disturbed," Canton related.

Further folklore was triggered when Professor Edgar Larkin, director of Pasadena's Mt. Lowe observatory, experimented with a new telescope some years ago. Larkin aimed the telescope at Mt. Shasta and pulled in a shimmering image of oriental buildings with marble stones and gold-tipped domes.

"Larkin is said to have returned to the observatory that evening," Canton stated. "After nightfall, he saw these domes illuminated by a strange white light."

Many people poured into the forest with hopes of flushing out the legendary Lemurians. Although the search has continued to this day, no one has produced any evidence of these monumental buildings.

One woodsman claimed to have stumbled upon a strange breed of cattle grazing in the steppes. "They don't look like American cattle," he swore, sketching an animal that resembled a beast of mythology.

"The most interesting aspect of Mt. Shasta's Lemurian legends is the persistent rumor that a village is hidden near the eastern base of the mountain," E. T. Canton declared. "From there, a large tunnel leads inside the extinct volcano to an underground city of Lemurian homes."

From Mt. Shasta, the Lemurians allegedly guard the remnants of their dead civilization as the survivors of

the first race of man on earth. At times, great fires are seen burning in the forest. "It may well be the ancient Lemurians chanting a ritual to their ancient gods," Canton claimed.

Bizarre Bloodletters of Europe



Some of the most terrible tortures in history racked Europe when medieval rulers developed a mania for unique instruments for inflicting pain and anguish. Castle dungeons were equipped with the most horrible instruments to slowly kill prisoners, were decorated with bizarre statues and staffed by monstrous bands of professional torturers.

King Louis XI of France equipped his dungeons with giant iron birdcages hung down from the ceiling. Prisoners were clamped in the cages and required to sing for the king.

A prisoner's refusal brought quick reprisal. "Throw a couple of hungry wildcats into the bird cage," the king ordered. "We'll see if the cats get the poor birdie." A model of the mad king's birdcage is displayed today at the Gravan Museum in Paris.

In Sweden, every prisoner trembled at the thought of their king's "Cave of Roses." A deep, slime-walled pit was filled with poisonous snakes, insects and lizards. "The cries of the dying man seldom lasted long," a historian recorded. "... their bodies turned black from venom in a few minutes." Gustavus III abolished the practice in 1770.

Many professional torturers developed their own

methods of plying their horrible trade. Some traveled a regular circuit, moving from palace to palace throughout Europe. One torturer spread-eagled his prisoners across the top of four high poles, with a razor-sharp stake in the center. "Watch, my lord," he explained to amused kings. "When the prisoner's stomach sags, he is impaled on the stake."

Another torturer clamped his prisoners into a wooden stock, bare feet thrust through the bottom holes. The torturer coated the prisoner's feet with a salt-brine solution. A herd of salt-starved goats were brought into the dungeon and allowed to lick the prisoner's feet. "I have yet to see a man who doesn't laugh himself into insanity within a few days and nights," the sadist said. "The constant licking drives them absolutely mad!"

King Frederick VII, of Naples, invented an iron chair with an opening for a box of searing hot coals to be slid under the prisoner. Depending on the heat of the coals, Frederick could cook his prisoners for several days. Later, the cold-blooded monarch added an improvement to his torture chair. "I have added a pan to collect their body oils and perspiration," he wrote another king. "Now, I can baste them in their own juices as they cook!"

A Spanish king claimed to be a naturalist and combined lore of nature with torture. "We are quite simple here," he claimed. "A prisoner is stripped of his clothes and placed in a large basket."

"How does that kill them?" a visiting envoy inquired.

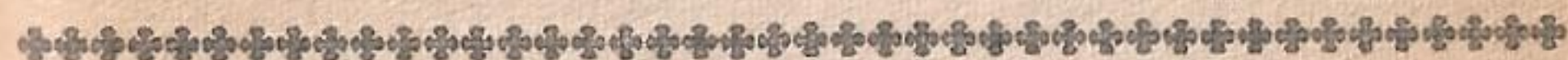
"The basket is filled with wasps," the monarch replied.

The most terrible punishment meted out in China was the infamous "death of a thousand cuts." Prisoners were covered with a torture shirt containing hundreds of openings. The executioner tightened the metallic shirt and small bits of flesh popped through the openings. These strips of flesh were slashed away and the process repeated. "I saw a victim of *Ling-Chez* in 1923, and the execu-

tioner claimed there were 1,100 cuts on the poor man's body," reported Billy McGee, a soldier of fortune in the Orient.

Many of these terrible practices have been eliminated in most civilized nations. "When someone mentions how the world is getting worse, I think of the old torture chambers," said the owner of a museum in Germany. He displays many ingenious instruments of torture to wide-eyed tourists.

The Vanishing Giants of Patagonia



While Ferdinand Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, was leading the way around the world for the first time, he discovered the important Strait of Magellan at the tip of South America. As Magellan's fleet sailed into Port San Julian, in June, 1520, a giant native appeared on the beach and waved to the ships.

"He was so tall that our heads barely came up to his waist," wrote Pigafetta, one of Magellan's companions. "His voice was as deep as a bull's bellowing."

Magellan captured two of these giants, clapped them into irons and sailed forward on his historic voyage. "Both died before crossing the equatorial line," Pigafetta recorded.

Medieval Europe was entranced with the idea of a giant race of natives living in the South American wilderness. There had been several finds of dinosaur bones. Many authorities had mistakenly claimed the remains of a mastodon to be a human. Scholars awaited further news of the mysterious tribe of living giants.

Then, Sir Francis Drake anchored in Port San Julian, in 1578, and battled with the giants. "We lost two of the crew to these huge men," the ship's historian logged.

Other early explorers told of seeing the gigantic tribe.

Sebald de Weert told of natives standing 10 or 11 feet tall and towering over his crewmen.

Then, unexplainably, voyagers of the sixteenth century claimed the Patagonians were of natural height. "There are no giants," declared Sir John Narborough, who spent a year on the Patagonian coast in 1670.

"It was a hoax," declared a seminar of scholars. "The Spaniards have lied again!"

The reluctant world was about to close their minds on Patagonian giants when a band of explorers returned from the interior of southern Patagonia. "The giants moved inland to hide from the white men," two French captains claimed. Commodore Bryon, who visited the coast in 1764, published an account in the *Annual Register*. He told of a nomadic tribe of natives who "made my six feet tall men look like pygmies . . ."

Definite proof has not been forthcoming on this supposed race of giants. Believers swear this tribe of colossuses live now in the heart of Patagonia. "There are millions of square miles in South America that have not been explored," claimed one researcher. "If their ancestors were frightened by the kidnappings of their tribesmen by the early explorers, they may have moved inland and remained hidden to this day."

Other native tribes in these regions claim the "great men who walk like thunder" do inhabit the hidden interior.

The Beast Who Was Dracula

It was near dusk on a stormy evening in 1455, when a howling army of Turks overran the last remnants of Hungary's defending soldiers and captured the area that is now Rumania. The face of defeat in the province of Wallachia, was: burning churches, peasants executed in the streets and the appointment of a puppet ruler, Vlad IV.

Vlad IV was a strong, handsome man with the soul of a devil. The murderous ruler delighted in selecting innocent victims and inflicting terrible tortures on them. It is written in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "The story of his savage ferocity exceeds belief. He is said to have feasted among . . . his victims."

Legends claim he washed his hands in blood before each meal, chopped up people in a gigantic machine until they were shredded like cabbage, shot innocent peasants out of cannons and stuffed prisoners' mouths with gunpowder, inserted fuses and blew them to bits. He impaled thousands of his subjects and became known as "Vlad the Impaler."

Later, he adopted the dragon as his coat of arms. His subjects spoke a dialect which called dragon the *Dracul*, an interchangeable word meaning dragon or devil. In Hungary, Vlad IV became *Dracula*: the feared Devil.

After he killed an envoy from the Turks, the angered

sultan invaded Wallachia, to depose Dracula. "Before the Turks reached Dracula's palace, they marched for miles through a forest of their impaled countrymen," a historian wrote.

Dracula escaped the Turkish army and seemingly vanished. After thirteen years, he returned to seize his throne in 1476, and ruled for another bloody year before he was permanently deposed.

History's original *Dracula*, a modern symbol of vampirism, was actually worse than his fictional counterpart.

Drink of the Werewolves

Slightly more than a century ago, Count Herbert von Schmidt and his beautiful wife were traveling in the Harz mountains of Germany. At noon, their coachman stopped beside a cool mountain stream, spread a picnic lunch for his masters and led the horses to the brook for watering.

"It was very odd," the Count informed an innkeeper that evening. "The horses refused to drink."

The innkeeper crossed himself. "Was there an unpleasant taste to the water?" he inquired.

"Yes," the Count replied. "My wife sampled the water. She said there was a sulphurous odor."

The innkeeper whitened and his hands trembled. "That place is known as 'Wolf Hollow,'" he stammered. "The peasants say those who drink the water will become werewolves."

"I don't believe this superstitious trash!" snapped the Count, angrily. "Mention it again, you fool, and I will kill you. No man blackens my wife's name."

"Yes, your excellency," the innkeeper murmured, bowing from the room.

Count and Countess von Schmidt returned to their castle and, shortly afterward, the Countess complained of piercing headaches, nightmares, and nausea. "I am not

well," she whined. "I will not disturb you with my illness. I will sleep alone in the east wing."

Despite her husband's protests, the beautiful young countess moved into the isolated bedroom. She locked her bedroom door from the inside and requested that she not be disturbed at night. "To recover from this illness I must have a good night's sleep," she explained.

Then, the terror began. First, the youngest child of a peasant family on the von Schmidt estate was kidnapped from his bed. Next, several young women were attacked in the village by a monster that ripped and clawed at their bodies. Then, the wife of a town official vanished. Her mutilated body was later found in a weedy field.

Panicked, the alarmed villagers armed and scoured the countryside for a killer wolf. Only the bravest ventured alone outside their homes after nightfall. The black pall of death gripped the region.

One evening, after sunset, the Count was riding through the woods toward his castle. He had spent the day leading a band of peasants in an unsuccessful search for the wolf. Without warning, a chilling wolf's howl split the silence. A woman's scream sounded. The Count spurred his reluctant horse toward the noise.

A woman was fighting with a snarling figure. The shadowy figure growled, slashing out at the screaming woman. Moments later, the Count chased the wolf-like form into an abandoned peasant's hut. He drew a pistol as he followed the beast into the dim structure. Orange flame spurted from his pistol. The figure screamed in agony as he bent over the fallen form.

"Mother of God!" he sobbed, looking down at his wife. Her face was contorted into animal rage. Her mouth was smeared with blood.

"It was the werewolf water," she gasped. "Once you drink the cursed water you cannot help yourself . . . you become a beast of prey at night . . ."

Hilda died and the werewolf was dead. This tale of the werewolf stream in the Harz mountains is a familiar part of Germanic folklore, repeatedly retold during the past century. When Hitler rose to power in Germany and established his "wolf pack" Nazi youth corps, he demanded that each of his "little werewolves" be given a smelly container of this Harz mountain water.

Florida's Frightening Space-aged Monster

The *Saucer Scoop* of St. Petersburg, Florida recently reported an unusual story of a space-aged monster. Editor Joan Whritenour told of a young woman, Miss M. B., who was driving on lonely route 481 near Brookeville, Florida, on the night of November 30, 1966.

Suddenly, a tire blew out and the young woman halted her automobile and started to change it. She had barely begun when a violent noise indicated something was stomping around in the nearby woods. Then, Miss M. B. sniffed a nauseous odor.

At that moment, a large hairy creature walked out from the woods and headed directly toward the stranded motorist. "It was big, heavy, probably seven feet tall and weighed about four to seven hundred pounds," Miss M. B. estimated.

The frightening visitor had a sloping skull, an ape's face and "eyes as big as silver dollars." The body was covered with blackish hair.

Fortunately for the young woman, the monster did not appear hostile. It seemed curious about her presence and patiently settled down at the edge of the road. Miss M. B. was desperately trying to keep her nerves under control when the hum of an approaching car came down the highway. The beast grunted and disappeared into the

wilderness. There was no sign of the hulking monster when the automobile stopped to help the young woman.

"I shall never forget those large, glowing eyes," Miss M. B. reported to *Saucer Scoop*.

Editor Joan Whritenour has been following the trail of Florida's invasion of monstrous "abominable sandmen." Her publication carries additional reports from throughout the world.

Arizona's Strange Tomb for a Giant

The contractor fumed as he faced his excited workmen. They were excavating for a basement of a new hotel in Crittenden, Arizona, which had to be finished by this June, 1891. The laborers had dashed excitedly into their employer's office.

"Calm down," the contractor said, curtly. "Bob, you're the foreman. What happened?"

"We got down to about eight feet this morning when our shovels struck a layer of stone," Bob said, excitement lacing his voice. "This was a sort of soft stone, kinda strange, because we could cut through it with our spades. We went down a couple feet and found the top of this thing. It turned out to be some kind of tomb."

The contractor eyed his workmen. "Have you boys been sampling the beer over at the saloon?"

"Come and see for yourself," the foreman urged. "The tomb is made of rose granite blocks, cemented together to look very solid."

The contractor accompanied his babbling laborers to the construction site. One look into the excavation and he called in expert help. "That thing is eight feet down. It must be very old," he told his architect over the phone. "You get out here and help direct the excavation."

The tomb was uncovered and carefully opened. A

huge granite mummy case was resting inside the structure. There were only a few handfuls of dry dust in the case. "Boys, it would require thousands of years for a body to turn to dust," commented an undertaker.

The Arizonans believed the mummy case may have been carved in a likeness of the buried man. The case was made of pure granite, shaped into the sleeping pose of a 12-foot, six-toed giant.

"Genesis tells us that there were giants in the land," reminded a minister. "Perhaps this was one of the ancient people."

Elusive *Yeti* of the Himalayas



The English mountaineer's sudden cry shattered the chilled silence of Mt. Everest as his Sherpa guides dropped their packs and grabbed their rifles. Major Alan Cameron, a member of the 1923 Everest Expedition, pointed toward an icy peak where a hairy line of human-like creatures moved slowly along a high cliff edge.

"*Yeti*. Bad medicine," the Sherpas whispered, signifying their intent to return down to the base camp. The Englishmen prevailed and two days later, as they reached the cliff's edge, discovered rows of giant, man-like prints in the snow.

This was the first report of the Asian *Yeti*, the abominable snowman said to dwell in high mountain crags, living on rodents, grubs and small game. Previously in 1913, a nervy group of Chinese hunters captured a live female *Yeti* and displayed her in Pantang, in the Sinkiang province for several months. The crying creature sickened, then died from an unknown malady possibly caused by civilization's germs.

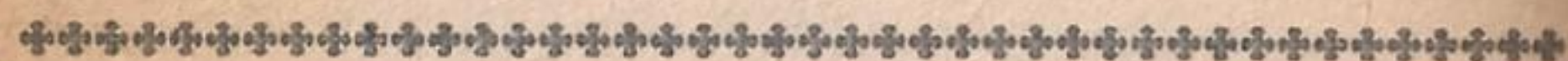
In 1937, scientists hopefully studied reports of explorer Frank Smythe's sightings of tracks at 14,000 feet. "The prints were thirteen inches by five inches wide," he stated. Earlier, the first Shipton Expedition had found

these weird tracks on the fringes of the Mt. Everest snow-line.

American scientist, Dr. Norman Dyrenfurth, prowled "*Yeti* caves," collecting food scraps, casts of footprints and samplings of reddish-brown and silver-grey hair. Dr. Dyrenfurth reported he was convinced the *Yeti* were near human or low-grade human creatures. He believed the largest species was eight or nine feet tall, the smallest not more than four feet in height.

Many scientists agree with Dr. Dyrenfurth. "It's only a matter of time until someone brings in a snowman and we have a live specimen to study," a zoologist reported.

The Murderous Vampire of Dusseldorf



A gruesome cry of bloodthirsty rage startled a festive crowd of people going to the fair in Cologne, Germany, on a warm summer night in 1913. The terrifying scream roared over the tinkle of carnival music and transfixed people with its evil sound.

"Papa, I'm scared," a little girl whimpered.

The smiling burgher picked up his white-faced daughter. "Nein, nein, don't be alarmed," he soothed. "It is merely some silly boys playing a prank."

The girl and her father resumed their merriment at the carnival. The others forgot the scream—except one. He was Peter Kurten, the "Dusseldorf Vampire" and one of history's most beastly murderers. At precisely the moment that the fair-goers had been frozen by the horrible scream, Kurten had howled aloud with pleasure as he slashed the throat of his first victim.

Now, he was crunched over the body, sipping warm blood from the ripped throat to slake his terrible thirst. "... later, I stayed there and listened to the sound of her dripping blood," he confessed. "She bled very well. I held her head just right and let the blood drop down on the floor. It was glorious. I was almost overwhelmed with delight the next day. I sat in a restaurant and heard

people talk about the killing. It was like reliving the experience again!"

Once Peter Kurten had drawn blood, he became possessed with a murderous urge. "When my wife went to work in the evening, I left the apartment a few minutes later and prowled for a victim," Kurten told police. "I usually found someone."

Most mentally disturbed killers are unable to avoid detection. Kurten was a master of disguise, changed clothes frequently and never left a clue. He committed his first vampire murder in 1913, and terrorized Dusseldorf, until his surrender to the authorities in 1930.

"I would not have surrendered except the police were closing in on me," he claimed. "It was only a question of time. By surrendering, I let my wife receive the large reward for my capture."

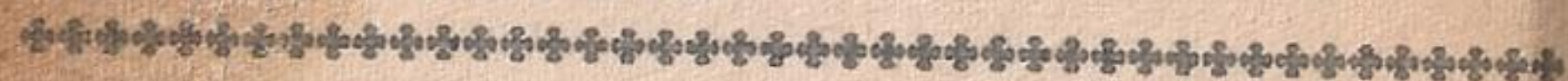
The vampirish fiend chopped, stabbed, strangled, hammered and slashed his victims and left their bodies in some lonely ditch. "We knew the vampire had struck again when we found another horribly mutilated body," a police inspector recalled.

"The sound of dripping blood was the most powerful part of the murders," Kurten informed examining psychiatrists following his capture. "That is why I had to return again and again to kill."

Kurten was found guilty of his heinous crimes. He calmly walked into a foggy prison yard on the morning of July 2, 1931.

"I wonder if I will hear my own blood dripping?" he asked the executioner. At 6:00 a.m., he was beheaded. Peter Kurten revived the fear of the vampire and werewolf in modern Germany. Even today people shudder when mention is made of the deadly "Dusseldorf Vampire."

The Grotesque Imbecile Who Loved Beauty



"Here comes the Devil's child . . ."

"Ugly, ugly, ugly little Gottfried!"

"Sic 'im, Towser. Tear the monster to shreds!"

These were the taunts and jeers hurled at young Gottfried Mind, a grotesque imbecile who lived in Bern, Switzerland. He was born in 1768, and a midwife fainted at the first horrible sight of the ugly baby.

"He's a demon from Hades," shouted the child's grandmother when she first saw the tiny infant.

Gottfried was indeed a horrible sight. Horses bolted, dogs ran and children screamed in terror when he walked outside his yard. Muttering neighbors whispered over back fences. "Someone should kill the horrible thing," they insisted.

In addition to his horrifying appearance, Gottfried was such an imbecile that he could not read, write or handle money. However, a delicate love of beauty was etched in his consciousness. He loved to draw or paint and withdrew into an idyllic world which he created on his canvas. Sensitive and graceful, his works focused on beautiful young children and animals in beautiful scenes.

"It is difficult to believe that such beauty can be created by a person so ugly," art buyers remarked, purchas-

ing as many of Gottfried's paintings as they could lug from his cluttered studio.

His fame as a painter spread throughout Europe after he produced a series of striking paintings of cats. He quickly became known as "the cat's Raphael."

"I like cats," he stammered. "They play with me and don't run away. I draw those beautiful children because they are like what I want to be."

King George IV heard about this great Swiss artist and arranged for a showing of Gottfried's works in the English palace. He purchased a watercolor of a mother cat playing with her kittens and the picture was hung in the king's bedchamber at the royal palace.

Gottfried was a guest of honor at a private showing of his art works in Bern. The imbecile was flattered by the attention from the world's great art critics. "I know it has been difficult to look at me," he stammered to the assembled group. "I—I—thank you for treating me with kindness."

Once, in a conversation in his studio, Gottfried broke into tears. "If only . . . if people would treat me as a normal person," he sobbed. "My body is ugly but my mind is not so horrible."

The grotesque artist painted his pictures until his death. "We should never judge a person by his appearance," the minister remarked during his funeral. "Gottfried Mind was an ugly person but his soul shone with the radiance of beauty. There are many attractive people in our city who have the minds of a monster . . ."

"No Bullet Would Stop That Monster . . ."

On the night of November 8, 1966, Oklahomans William and James Cagle were traveling to Marietta, Georgia. They braked their pick-up truck at a tight highway turn near Winona, Mississippi. As their truck slowed, a hairy *Yeti* dashed down a slope toward the vehicle.

"When my headlights picked him up on our left, he rushed across the far ditch and up a steep bank," James Cagle wrote. "He was aggressive, angry and ready to attack. I don't believe he was angry at me or my brother. In northern California, I heard these things disliked noise. He may have wanted to destroy my pick-up, which may have disturbed his sensitive ears.

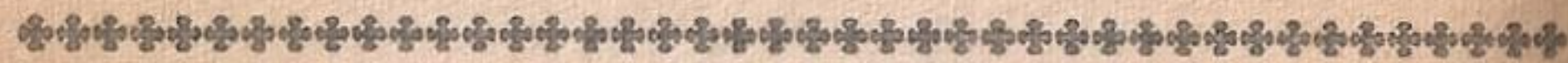
"It was less than 20 feet from us. I had the pick-up lights on. We were moving at 7 or 8 MPH. Its face looked like a mixture of a gorilla and a human. The legs and arms were huge and its chest was at least three feet thick. The eyes glowed in the light but did not appear to have pupils.

"It looked us over, then slowly raised an arm like the old Indians did when they greeted someone. I had seen all I wanted and floorboarded the pick-up and we got out of there.

". . . I am convinced *Yetis* may be scattered around our country," Cagle continued. "They are said to hate

noise so they may not venture too close to a city. No .38 or .45 could have stopped the thing we saw. Anyway, they should not be killed except in self-defense. I am positive they are part human."

Lost World of Super Giants



Indian myths whisper of a giant race of men who roamed North America before the dawn of our present civilization. About 1810, credence was given these tales when fossilized footprints of six-toed giants were found embedded in rock in Brayton, Tennessee. "There was one well-defined heel print that measured thirteen inches in width," wrote an admittedly astonished museum director.

In 1833, soldiers digging a trench on the Lompock Ranch in California, upturned the skeleton of a 12-foot man. The well-preserved skull contained a double row of upper and lower teeth. The sizable skeleton was surrounded by artifacts, including carved shells, stone axes and granite tablets covered with hieroglyphics.

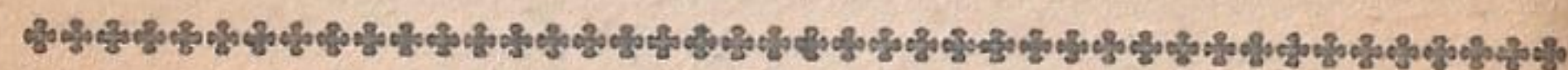
Indians in the region demanded the skeleton. "That is one of our gods," declared the medicine men. "We must worship the bones and leave the padre's chapel."

The old shamen gathered to hold rituals over the unearthed skeleton. "They were very angry when they discovered the priests had taken both the skeleton and the artifacts and secretly buried them in an unknown grave," wrote an army officer. "The Indians talked about going on the warpath, but then they settled down when we issued an extra supply of rations."

A large human tooth that could only have been some giant's molar was dug out of a 75-million-year-old coal vein at the Eagle Mine in Bearcreek, Montana, in November, 1926. Italian coal miners were blasting a new tunnel in 1958, when a pile of gigantic human bones poured out of a slab of coal. "European scientists are still attempting to determine the age, and origin, of these bones," declared an Italian newspaper recently.

These impressive discoveries indicate the need for additional study into more graves of the giants.

Michigan's Girl-Punching Monster

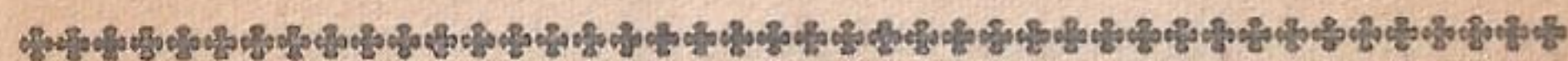


Monroe County, Michigan, was panicked by a girl-punching hairy monster in the summer of 1965. Teen-aged Christine Van Acker and her mother, Rose Owens, claimed to have been attacked by a hairy beast after their car stalled on a lonely road. Other residents reported equally frightening sightings and several close encounters with the yeti-like creature.

An estimated 1,100 "monster hunters" swarmed into Monroe County, armed with firearms, ropes, nets and even bows and arrows. Local lawmen worked overtime to maintain order and, fortunately, no one was wounded in the wild monster melee.

In Monroe, a quick-thinking merchant had dreamed up a gigantic "monster sale" with "huge price cuts" and "monstrous bargains." Perhaps the girl-punching creature resented this tongue-in-cheek commercialization and retreated back into the wilderness to ponder the strange ways of mankind.

Serpents In The Skies



Today's flying saucers are yesterday's flying serpents, horses, pigs and just plain monsters in the skies. A farmer from Parkersburg, West Virginia, swore he saw an actual black horse flying across the heavens in 1878. "It moved through the clouds about a half-mile above me," he told a skeptical newsman.

A four-legged, ten-foot pig was seen by a group of frightened Welshmen in 1905. "The flying pig had short wings, webbed feet and grunted loudly as it passed over our group," a witness recorded.

In 1873, farmhands at Bonham, Texas, were frightened by a hovering serpent twisting in the sky above their homes. "It is undoubtedly the worst case of delirium tremens ever recorded," claimed a New York newspaper. Two weeks after the Texas sightings, similar serpent forms were spotted over Ft. Scott, Kansas. No explanation for these sightings was ever produced.

A "glowing metallic monster" was seen over Chapmansville, West Virginia, by several hunters in 1908. "It was real metal and not a cloud formation," insisted John DeHaven.

St. Gregory Florentin recorded in A. D. 588 that . . . "luminous rays or serpents appeared in the north sky and some people saw serpents fall from the skies. Others say

a whole village of houses and people disappeared during the time of the sighting."

Science explains these sightings as optical illusions. Openminded students of sky mysteries simply shrug their shoulders. "Who knows?" they ask.

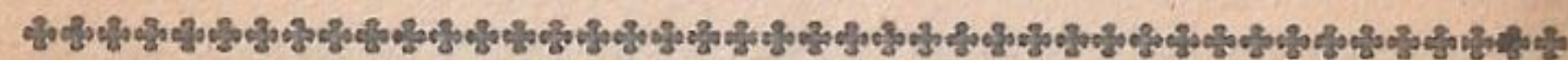
The Thing In Flathead Lake

The "Flathead Lake Monster," of Polson, Montana, was sighted on many occasions. In August, 1965, the E. E. Funke family watched the creature swim past their dock and create "large, boat-like waves." Major Robert Funke, then home on furlough from Viet Nam, said "it looked like a submarine surfacing."

The Funkes and other sighters have never seen the entire creature. However, most sighters report a large fin on the back of a shimmering black object beneath the water.

Some sighters have theorized that the monster may be a gigantic sturgeon fish.

Monster From Out of Time



Alarmed citizens in Florida, reported encounters with a gigantic monster which resembled a dinosaur, from February until October, 1948. Fishermen, airplane pilots, tourists and startled beach picnickers said the beast was "... very big, short-necked, with a reptilian face and a blunt nose."

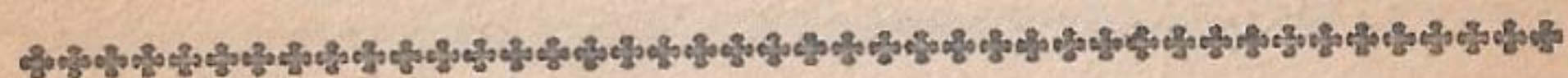
These descriptions, and tracks left by the marauding monster, matched those of a dinosaur supposedly extinct for more than sixty million years!

Tracks were found along beaches near Tampa and in the swampy marshlands along the Suwannee river. "The imprints were three-toed, with webbing between each toe," a newspaperman recalled. "There was about 25 inches between each footprint and I measured one of the toes. It was thirteen inches in length!"

Working from these impressions, scientists estimated the hulking beast weighed approximately three tons and moved about on two legs.

The creature terrorized the Florida coast for nine months and then vanished as quickly as it appeared. Some investigators suggested the possibility that dinosaurs did not become extinct, as we are taught, but moved into the sea where their secret existence has been shrouded for limitless centuries.

Missouri's Fish-Eating 'Jelly' Monster



Recently, a farmer in Missouri, insisted his pond was infested by a 'monster,' regardless of what the scientists said. The farmer reported that a jelly-like creature was devouring the fish in his pond.

One of the 'monsters' was sent to the Missouri Department of Conservation laboratories in Columbia, Missouri. Scientists studied the sample and then placed it under a microscope.

"We had something like pectinatella," reported William Pflinger, a fish biologist. "It's about like gelatin and it's very gooey. There's a similar group of marine life in the ocean called bryozoans. This is a sort of cousin."

The farmer was unconvinced. "I doubt if anyone knows anything for sure," he remarked. "I don't care what they say. I seen one of those monsters out there and it looked as if it would weigh 700 or 800 pounds."

The Grotesque Monster of Sister Lakes

In June, 1964, several residents of Sister Lakes, Michigan were staggered by sighting a monster "that was so horrible, so grotesque that it defied the imagination." Authorities were told of a creature said to weigh 500 pounds, stand nine feet tall, walk upright on two legs and possess a leathery black face with eyes that glowed in the dark.

Gordon Brown saw the beast on the Harold Utrup farm. "It is no bear," he insisted. Mrs. John Utrup reported she was chased into her home by the monster, the beast leaving only after her dogs gave chase. Later, three young girls saw the creature and one fainted.

Deputies Daniel Behrman and Howard Sheline found tracks measuring almost four inches across the heel and six inches across the center of the foot. They were unable to identify the prints. A zoologist at the University of Michigan then explained that the monster was possibly an escaped circus gorilla.

While scientists hedged and monster lovers speculated, lawmen were faced with the influx of heavily armed hunters into the region. Carloads of armed men clogged the county roads and additional deputies had to be called in from a neighboring county. "Not one of them saw any sign of the monster," a policeman reported.

Sisters Lake is located in Michigan's commercial fruit-growing district and frightened migrant workers refused to work in the fields. Several farmers hired shotgun guards to watch for the monster and then the workers agreed to pick the fruit.

Harvey's East, a variety store, advertised special "monster kits." The \$7.95 package contained a baseball bat, a heavy mallet, a bow and arrow, a net and a flashlight. Movie theaters rushed in several horror movies and restaurants featured "monster burgers" on their menus. A tavern sold "monster" beers.

As the monster frenzy progressed, eight boys were arrested along a highway for frightening motorists. The youngsters stood on each other's shoulders, covered by a huge raincoat which gave the appearance of gigantic height. Several motorists took one look at the frightening "thing" and slammed their accelerators to the floor. "There's a monster out on the highway," became a familiar cry to beleaguered policemen.

When a monster sighting occurs, one can usually be certain of two things: a scientist will claim the beast is an escaped gorilla and pranksters will get into the act. "If the circuses lost as many gorillas as the scientists claim, the country would be nothing but one big zoo," commented one monster hunter.

West Virginia's Mysterious Mothman

"I am a hard guy to frighten but I was not ready to get out of there," reported Roger Scarberry. He informed the police in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, that his automobile was chased by a flying bird-like monster on the night of November 16, 1966.

Scarberry, his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mallette said the bird was "approximately six feet tall, gray-colored and had two large eyes that glowed in the dark."

The "bird" that chased their car for several miles, was later labeled the "mothman" by newspapermen.

Ninety minutes after the Scarberry sighting, Newell Patridge heard his dog barking on the porch of his home in Salem, West Virginia. Patridge walked outside and flashed a light on a "thing with big eyes that glowed like red reflectors." Patridge's dog chased the monstrous creature. The dog never returned.

Since then, there have been other sightings of the "mothman" and West Virginians wonder if their state is being invaded by "something" out of the boondocks of the beyond.

MAKE YOUR LIFE A HAPPY ADVENTURE



Here's an amazing opportunity to see into your future. Take advantage of these forecasts to get the most out of your life—today, tomorrow, and for the next five years.

HOW TO PLAN AHEAD

Arranged by Sun signs, YOUR PROPHECY—FIVE YEAR FORECAST FOR ALL THE SIGNS is a "weather report" on the sunny days and storms ahead—telling you what you may reasonably expect in the future so you can plan your important moves, know when to make major purchases and investments, prepare for changes, be alert for trouble. With the help of this book, the future is no longer a baffling mystery and your chances of finding love, luck and happiness can be greatly improved.

WRITTEN BY EXPERTS

This book has been produced by the editors of EVERYWOMAN'S DAILY HOROSCOPE and written by three eminent writer-astrologers: Doris Kaye, editor of the Astrologers' Guild publication, "The Bulletin"; James Raymond Wolfe, Jr., a serious researcher in the field of astrology; and Marya Glasser, a long-time student of the fascinating subject of astrology, who now writes articles for leading astrology magazines.

A COLLECTOR'S TREASURE

This handsomely bound hard cover book, jacketed in red, black and silver, and exquisitely illustrated, is truly a collector's item. Only \$10, it is a book you will be proud to own.

Mail Coupon Right Away

ASTROLOGY BOOKS
Popular Library, DEPT. 60-2418
355 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me postpaid, _____ copies of YOUR PROPHECY — FIVE YEAR FORECAST FOR ALL THE SIGNS at \$10 per copy. I enclose _____ and if not fully satisfied, it is understood that I may return the book in good condition within 10 days for a full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip # _____

A DEMON'S DEN OF MONSTERS, WEREWOLVES, GROTESQUE GIANTS, MAD MURDERERS AND MAGICIANS, THE WORLD'S MOST BIZARRE BEINGS...

They are beings that most people never see, but those who see them never forget. The documented stories of those creatures are recorded now!

From the darkest shadows of the earth come these strange monsters and madman—as real as day—as terrifying as blackest night—with powers that defy science and deeds that defy description.

Here are the grotesque, astounding stories of the world's weirdest creatures. Here is the truth more frightening than fiction.

FIRST TIME IN PAPERBACK

P O P U L A R  L I B R A R Y



Serpents who scavenge the seas:
prehistoric beasts who live on



Master of the murder mansion:
his hundred room home
was showcase for corpses